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OQ6 Lau OQ6

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A Lau Islander.

[frontispiece]

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THE LAU ISLANDS

(FIJI)

And their Fairy Tales and Folk-lore

BY

T. R. St. JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

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ODD

THE LAU ISLANDS (FIJI)
And their Fairy Tales and Folk-lore

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DEDICATED
TO
MY WIFE
THE CONSTANT COMPANION OF ALL
MY YEARS OF RESIDENCE IN THE
LAU ISLANDS

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PRONUNCIATION OF WORDS FOUND IN THIS BOOK.

THE Fijian language, subject to dialect variations, 197
is now used throughout the Lau Islands; though
probably in ancient times Southern Lau, at all
events, used a language much more akin to
modern Tongan.

The orthography is that used when the spoken 104
words were first reduced to writing by the earliest [797]
Missionaries, some of whom were skilled philologists, about eighty years ago. They found that there were certain sounds for which we have no corresponding letters in the English alphabet, and after many experiments they decided that the best results were to be obtained, and the necessity of introducing additional letters avoided, by giving an entirely new sound to certain of the letters of our own alphabet that could best be spared. Thus Q is made to represent a sound half-way between NG (hard) and NK; and C is made use of to represent TH (hard).

Just as a white man finds it difficult to pro- 104
nounce the peculiar clicks that occur in a Zulu's 194

104 194 language, so do the Fijians find it difficult to pronounce certain sounds, such as B and D, without the conjunction of other sounds with them. Thus, wherever a B is written down in a Fijian word an imaginary M must be understood to precede it, and similarly an imaginary N precedes both the written D and also the G (the G in Fijian being very nasal and almost inaudible). Therefore DEGEI, the Serpent God, is pronounced as if spelt in English as NDENGEI (nasal G), and BEQA, an island, is pronounced as if spelt MBENGA (hard G).

Vowels have the French sound, and so the diphthong AU in LAU is pronounced ah-oo, which quickly run together eventually comes almost to rhyme with cow.

Accentuation is, as in Hebrew, nearly always on the penultimate syllable.

T. R. St. J.

INTRODUCTION.

The three better-known groups of the Pacific, 131
namely, the Crown Colony of Fiji, the recently
captured German Colony of Samoa, and the
last remaining independent Pacific kingdom of
Tonga, form roughly the three points of an
equilateral triangle, and the Lau Islands lie
about midway between Fiji and Tonga.

These Lau Islands are situated some two
hundred miles to the east of Fiji, and act as a
barrier against the heavy storms that sweep
the Pacific in those months of the year when
"the trades" are at their strongest. And as 174
might be expected from their geographical position 797
it is upon these islands that straying vessels and
storm-tossed wrecks (not only the big ships of
the white man for the last hundred and fifty
years, from buccaneers to whalers, and from
whalers to modern "tramps," but also from
earliest times the fragile canoes of the wayfaring
Polynesian) have from time immemorial been
flung.

174 It is thus that the Tongans were first driven
797 here, with the important result that in after years early white missionaries from Tonga were able to introduce Christianity and civilization, with the help of descendants of these first native colonists who had kept up an intercourse with their brethren in Tonga. It is thus, indeed, that the first white men—"gods who ate fire," as the natives called them—set foot in these islands from an unknown ship wrecked on the Bukatatanoa reef, towards the close of the eighteenth century. And from the Lau Islands all these influences passed on to Fiji itself.

131 The Lau group is scattered between 16° and 21° south latitude, and 178° and 180° west longitude—even at certain places extending well over the border into east longitude—or, roughly, two hundred and fifty miles long by one hundred and fifty miles broad. Thus they cover an ocean area of some thirty thousand square miles, though they are themselves, compared to other lands, mere specks in the ocean; the largest being but twenty-five miles long—and that length only
[174] because of its somewhat curved shape.

[175] Nevertheless they have a great importance
[648] from three points of view:

134 (*a*) *Utilitarian*, because they are by nature
245 endowed with the choicest soil for coco-nut cultivation, which is made full use of, and thus

they are a most valuable asset to the great copra 134
industry of Fiji ; 245

(*b*) *Political*, because the whole question of the 175
cession of the rich Colony of Fiji to Great Britain 648
at one time depended on the famous Ma'afu, who had by sheer force of character and personality made himself King of the Lau Islands (and well on the road to being King of Fiji) ; and also because it is to a large extent on the example of the more intellectual and higher type of Lau islander that the future of the native races of Fiji depends ; and

(*c*) *Scientific*, because many questions of ethnology and theories of the migrations of the peoples of the Pacific are interlaced with our attempts to trace the origin of the early inhabitants of the Lau Islands. 174

Now, there are many conflicting views as to the great "drifts" or movements which undoubtedly took place among the early natives in different directions across the Pacific. The simplest form of "drift" would be somewhat as follows : A party of men and women, perhaps thirty or forty, would start out one fine morning in a canoe—well stocked with provisions for the day—for a fishing expedition to some islet, perhaps a dozen miles away. While on their way one of the sudden storms of the Pacific would arise from the direction of their home and carry them

174 on and on, day after day, with unabated fury, for possibly a week or more, till the few survivors were cast up exhausted upon some unknown island hundreds of miles away. (It is known that Tongans have been blown in this way to the New Hebrides, a thousand miles off; and there is the famous voyage of Captain Bligh of the "Bounty," who was thus carried in an open boat for three thousand miles. Some years ago four natives from Wallis Island, five hundred miles away, were cast up starving and "in fear of cannibals" at a point not very far from my house; while in the previous year I myself was nearly blown to Tonga in the Provincial yacht, by a westerly gale.)

The few survivors, then, would settle down and found, willy-nilly, a fresh colony at their new home. In course of years, generations, sometimes centuries, the same thing would take place once more, the prevailing wind taking the second "drift" some hundreds of miles still further from the original home of the race, and so the wanderings would continue; though the main characteristics, manners, and customs of the people, undisturbed by outside influences, would remain comparatively true to type throughout the whole process. But here again the question of time, and always the possibility of mixture with a prior race, must never be lost sight of.

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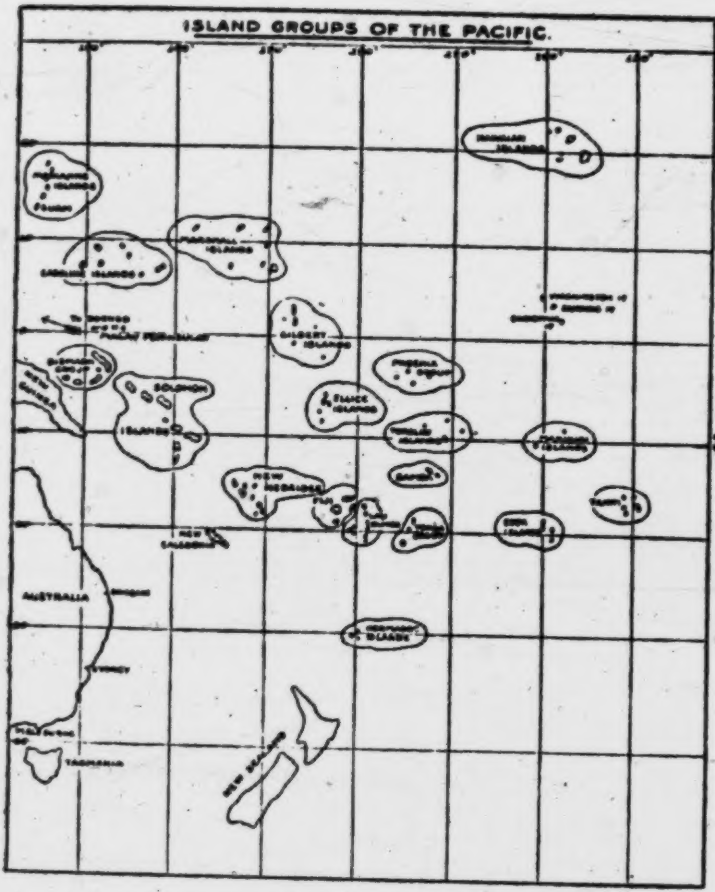
ISLAND GROUPS OF THE PACIFIC.
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
MARSHALL ISLANDS
CAROLINE ISLANDS
GILBERT ISLANDS
PHOENIX ISLANDS
ELLICE ISLANDS
SOLOMON ISLANDS
NEW GUINEA
NEW HEBRIDES
FIJI
SAMOA
COOK ISLANDS
NEW CALEDONIA
AUSTRALIA
SYDNEY
TASMANIA
NEW ZEALAND
KERMADEC ISLANDS

102
131

[p. 17]

B

173 Among a people who have no written records we must look to the old legends and fables and fairy stories to give us some clue to the buried secrets of the past, something to throw a light on the mysterious and vague "time when the race was young"; and snatch, before it is too late, the already rapidly slipping cable that links
173 us with the olden time. The fairy stories of the
101 Polynesians were always of a kindlier and brighter nature than the gloomy legends of the more "Papuan" Fiji; and in the Lau Islands (which are quite distinct from Fiji proper) the Polynesian element may be roughly divided from the Fijian by a line running from the north-east to the south-west, having Lakeba Island and all Southern Lau (Polynesian) to the east, and the Moala group and Northern Lau (Fijian) to the west. And the farther south one goes the more strongly is the Polynesian in evidence, till in the Ono group there is very little indeed to remind one of Fiji at all.

173 It is very difficult nowadays to get the people
869 to speak of the old times, for the simple reason
797 that they are fast forgetting them; and even in the oldest people, old Lauan ladies and gentlemen (I use the term intentionally, for the manners of the old people are always good, and very different from those of many of their descendants), who were born about the time when the *lotu*[1] first came to

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[1] Christianity.

Lau, just eighty years ago, were strictly forbidden, 173
perhaps wisely in those early days, to talk about 869
anything at all connected with their old mythology. 797
So that as children they did not hear from their
mothers the old tales that even one generation
before would have been so freely told to them.

However, in those islands where no resident
missionary was stationed, the rule was not so
strictly enforced, and it is there that I have [123]
been able to collect some of the most interesting
stories.

Stories of the gods are ethnologically the most 773
fascinating of all, especially among a totemistic 776
people; and the Polynesians in a general sense
were ancestor-worshippers, and held sacred [771]
certain beasts, birds, and fishes, wherein dwelt their
gods; although they never set up special idols
to them, as the Papuan race seems to have done.
The value of an old legend—when established and
corroborated—for purposes of ethnological investigation
is immense, but on the other hand
there is always the danger that an imperfect
legend may lead one very much astray by setting
one's feet upon a track which proves false, and only
takes one farther away the more one pursues
it. An amusing instance of this occurred not 773
long ago. I was investigating the old snake 177
legend of Vulaga Island (an island, incidentally, 123
on which no snakes are ever found). A man told

773 me his *Kalou Vu*—his ancestral god—was a
177 red serpent, and that Vulaga was *Tauvu*—of
123 common origin—with Totoya Island (where snakes are found). So far so good. I then asked him if he knew the name of this *Kalou Vu*. He replied, "His name was that of the Chief of all the Devils, the Blessed Pope!" Thinking that this was rather strong partizanship for even the most ardent Wesleyan, I asked again, and this time he pronounced it a little differently, as "Bilesi Popu." He then said it was well-known in the Bible, and all at once it flashed across me—"Beelzebub."

174 But here one sees the error one can so easily
171 fall into. This man had, with some confusion, read in his Bible of Beelzebub and also of serpents, and consequently adopted, quite wrongly, this name for the ancient *Kalou Vu* of his race. For I certainly do not think there has yet been discovered surviving among either Papuans or Polynesians any distinct names of the old gods of Asia, although many of the ancient customs of Syrians, Jews, etc., point to a branch of these races having wandered from Asia *via* the Malay Islands to the Pacific. I refer to such things as Circumcision, the legend of the Ark and eight survivors, the legend of the Dove, the legend of the Tower of Babel, the Arab custom of striking the open mouth with the flat hand to denote

astonishment, and many others, all of pre- 174
missionary times.[1] 171

Now, throughout all the following stories there 173
will be seen running a strong thread of clinging 539
belief by the people that "their fathers came from other distant lands." In the first one, "The Haunted Isle of the South Seas," we have the legend that the race came from some islands to the south-east, which seems a very likely thing for the people of southern Lau. In the next one, "South Sea Magic," the *vakadraudrau* witchcraft of northern Lau shows a Papuan ancestry of the men of that part, whereas the "Yalovaki" ordeal is a custom introduced from Samoa. In the "South Sea Symposium" the legends all distinctly show an origin from the south-east, whereas in the story of the "Shark God" the Papuan element again creeps in. Fiji is the 144
meeting-place of two quite distinct types of 174
Pacific islanders. On the eastern portion of it, including Lau, there is a very strong strain of the wavy-haired, tall, handsome, light-coloured "Polynesians"; while on the western portion a marked preponderance of the frizzy-haired, short, dark, negroid "Papuans" is found. The path of the latter is fairly obvious for a certain distance back, as the island groups, New Guinea, Solomons, New Hebrides, are all fairly close to

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[1] It has even been suggested that the Malayo-Polynesian races are the "Lost Tribes."

144 each other; but the path of the "Polynesian"
174 wanderers is not so easy to define. They have many characteristics which associate them with the Malayan type of people, and several authorities consider that they "drifted" with the south-west "monsoons" from the southern Malay regions through the Carolines and Marshalls as far north as the Hawaian Islands, and from there were driven by the north-east "trades winds" to the Phœnix and Tokelau groups about the equator (from whence it is but a short step to Samoa, Tonga, and Fiji); or by another route from Hawaii through Fanning, Christmas, and Malden Islands to Manikiki and Tahiti, and so *via* the Cook Islands once again to Tonga and Fiji.

It is possible even that the so-called "Papuan" people may have also originally come from the Malay stock, *via* Borneo to New Guinea, and there blended with the negroid type of man found in northern Australia, thus accounting for their negro-like characteristics before they arrived in western Fiji. And the fact that the "drift" away to the east, as far as Hawaii and then down south, encountered presumably desert islands in their track may account for the Malayan type, which ultimately became the Polynesian type, being far more true to the old Malay strain than the other "drift" *via* the great populated groups of New Guinea, the Solomons, and others.

The Polynesians always had the idea of an 173
original home "across the seas" that they came
from, though in course of time this became merely
legendary, and was blended into fantastic stories
of the gods. In the Lau Islands they formerly 766
buried their chiefs in great canoes, dragged by 178
hundreds of willing hands into almost inaccessible
caves; and the canoe was "ready for the chief to
return to his ancestral home." Even in these
modern days, when all the natives have been for
three generations "converted," I have seen a
canoe burial (though with all Christian rites, and
in the ordinary burying ground), on a distant little
island, Komo, in the Lau group.

It is very probable that the Malay origin, if a 174
true one, was exceedingly remote—remote enough
even to account for physical changes in the
appearance of the race. One interesting point has
been noted in connection with this: the drinking
of "toddy," the fermented juice of the young shoots
of the coco-nut palm, was practised in the Malay
Peninsula at least three thousand years ago,
and ancient Chinese writings mention it as being
so. But "toddy" drinking is a comparatively [273]
recent affair in Polynesia, tending to show that
the separation from the ancestral home must have
occurred at least three thousand years ago.

But the theory that the Polynesians *did* spring
from Malay stock, even at such an early date,

174 is supported by many small hints. And if from Malaya why not from farther west still—from the peoples of western Asia, the "cradle of the human race"?

142 The Polynesian has a distinctly "Eastern" face, high cheek bones, and slightly slanting eyes; and his manners and customs are very much 157 of "the east." He is clever, but childlike; easily stirred to passion, yet dreamy; full of vanity and arrogant pride, yet of very courtly and charming manners; careless of his own life, yet callous to the sufferings of others. Certain little actions of his continually crop up that, like the flashing of a camera shutter, give you a momentary glimpse of some mysterious past, of some ancestry which is surely "Eastern."

201 171 A Lau islander—who is mostly a Polynesian (and even a Fijian, who is, as I have mentioned above, half a Polynesian)—beckons to you, not as a European would with an upward crooked finger or hand, but exactly as the Malayans do, with a downward sweep of the hand, as it were "hooking" you towards him. Again, a Lau islander makes a sign of assent by tilting up his chin, exactly as the people of Malay do. And a Lau islander claps his hands softly once or twice as a mark of respect for a chief, and as [576] far north as old Japan the same sign was used; while the wooden head-rest and the reed houses

[576]
[201]

with woven mat-flooring might with few differences 171
be found in parts of Malay to-day. The out-rigger canoe may seem fairly obvious, yet it was not used among western nations. Mariner, in his immortal book on Tonga, mentioned the veiling of women at a very ancient marriage ceremony which he witnessed there in the early days of the nineteenth century; and there are scores of little things like this that the Polynesian must have unconsciously retained despite his centuries of wandering and separation from his ancestral home. The language question is significant in itself; modes of thought and expression are very much the same, and there are more than a few root words to be found that are purely Malayan.

But enough of such theories, fascinating as they 121
may be to the casual observer. Such things may safely be left in the hands of professional ethnologists. I have merely endeavoured to set down in this book some of the old legends and fairy stories of a people whom, with all their faults, I dearly love, and among whom I have [114]
lived and carried on my work for nearly ten years as Commissioner of their District. I take no 126
credit for these tales, which are exactly as told 114
to me by the natives themselves, and are selected from a big book of notes that I have made at odd times during my long residence amongst them. The apparently "biblical" language is

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114

merely a literal translation of their stories, and tends to show how closely akin they are to the Eastern minds in their ideas.

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I once possessed a further series of notes that I took from chats with two old chiefs now dead; but, alas! a hurricane with a tidal wave swept that set of papers away, and the data are now lost for ever. Some of my predecessors, notably Sir George Le Hunte, G.C.M.G., Mr. Basil Thomson, C.B., and Mr. C. R. Swayne, C.M.G., were, I know, very interested in Lauan legends; but I fancy many of their notes met similar untimely ends; and I know that Mr. Swayne suffered a great loss of the labour of years when the official residence—in those early days simply a thatched bungalow—was burnt to the ground with all his belongings. Mr. Thomson's great study of the customs of the natives, in his well-known and classical work, "The Fijians," embraces every question possible concerning them, but in this little book I have confined myself entirely to legendary folk-lore, and to the people of the Lau Islands, whom I know best. So, then, with the hope that some of these old legends may be rescued from oblivion before it is too late, I have launched them into print, and leave their merits for the reader to decide.

T. R. St. J.

Lomaloma,
The Lau Islands.

FURTHER NOTE.

I WELL remember a day when this book was first begun, in the years of peace, among the palm-trees in the sunny isles of the Pacific, and the sound of happy native voices floated in through the open shutters of my veranda, as the Corporal and another man were hoisting the Union Jack on the big flagstaff. And I thought at the time what changes there had been on that spot since those legends were first told.

By a turn of the wheel of fate the final pages have been revised in odd moments in the fields of France, *still within the sound of those same cheerful voices*, but now floating in through the open flap of my tent, and mingled with the distant roar of the heavy guns that are demanding with stern clamour the liberty of the world. Truly there is no native race whom the Empire has sheltered which has not come gladly forth to pay its debt in the hour of the Empire's need.

T. R. ST. J.

"*Somewhere in France.*"
1917.

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A HAUNTED ISLE OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

LEGENDS connected with death and "the mysterious beyond" are the most likely ones in a primitive people to show in which direction their ancestral home lay, and thus we have the very clear legend of the "jumping-off place" (after death) of the Fijians (Papuans) and the north-west to which they jump, as the direction of their origin, their *Burotu* or Paradise. 773

Now in Lau, curiously enough, we have several legends pointing to *Burotu* in the south and south-east, the opposite direction. There are the queer little burnt-out fishing-torches, with curious twisted handles of the red-leafed *Qai Kula*, "which all know to be the great almond-tree that grows at *Burotu*." These were said to have been frequently seen in the old[illegible] times drifting up with the current towards M[illegible] Island from the south-east. Then there is the enchanted island of *Burotu* itself, that might be sometimes seen in those days shimmering on the surface of the sea at such times as there was a hazy calm, and out in the empty space of water towards the

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773 south-east. This island was said by the Matuku people to be inhabited only by beautiful girls, and to have sweet-singing birds among marvellous trees that bore fruit continually all the year round. (Is this one more survival of the legends of their eastern ancestry—in other words, the "paradise with beautiful houris" that the nations of the East looked forward to?)

This tale of the island Burotu ran north to Bau, and so inflamed that adventurous spirit Ratu Mara[1] that, like a knight-errant of old, he started forth and swore he would find Burotu or perish in the attempt. As a matter of fact he did neither, but the story at all events shows how earnestly he believed in it.

[101] Then there is a nearly extinct tribe to this day at Matuku, called the Burotu people, living on the side of the island facing the south-east, and they think that their earliest ancestors came from Burotu.

The spirit island of Bulotu is also said to be seen lying in the south-east, from the mountain-tops of Kadavu Island.

171 (And, strangely enough, a Burota[2] of the Ton-
773 gans is the island of Eua, which again lies to the south-east of Tonga-tabu, indicating a general origin of Tongans and South Lauans from the east and south-east. Mariner asserted that

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[1] Half-brother to Cakabau, the last King of Fiji.

[2] The letters R and L in the South Seas are often interchangeable.

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Bulotu lay to the north-west of Tonga (which is the true direction of Fiji), but several Tongans have told me of a rumoured ancient Bulotu at Eua Island, and the Tongans would seem to have more likely come from the east than from the "negroid stock" to the north-west. 171 773

Fison[1] gives a legend telling that the Lauan Bulotu was near Nasali, an empty reef near the Tuvana Islands, south of Ono; and how two captured gods nearly prevented the Levuka people reaching Ono, and entirely denied access to Bulotu, chanting, 773 539*

"Tuvana inland, Tuvana below
Nasali is plainly in sight,
Bulotu, we two are hiding it";

but there the story ended, with the escape of these two gods.

In the course of conversation with an old man of Ono Island I came across a fragment of the continuation of this legend; and on making further enquiries on other visits there I was able to collect enough to piece together the connected story, which received remarkable corroboration from an old man who left Ono many years ago as a child, but still remembers the tale as told him by his grandmother. This is the story as he told it to me, filled in as to certain minor details from the broken legends of the others. 773 114 539*

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[1] In "Tales from Old Fiji."

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*539 [516] "You must know, sir," he began, settling himself down on the mat and fixing his back comfortably against a post, "that in the days of our fathers there was often drought in the land of Ono, and we of Matokano town suffered terribly at times. But there was always the fertile Tuvana Island[1] for us to fall back upon in our distress; for Tuvana is near to the island of the gods, and shelters beneath their benevolence. And so it came about that one day there sailed a large canoe-load of people of Matokano town (both men and women) for Tuvana, to gather coco-nuts and other food. Now, when they reached the island at sunset—for it is distant a day's sail from Ono—they quickly gathered some food and cooked it, and then lay down to sleep in a rough shelter that stood there, at a place called 'Butoni,' for use on such occasions as these. And the next day when they awoke they perceived that a strong wind had arisen in the night, and they discussed the question of taking back the women with them or of leaving them there for a few days; for the matter of the food at Matokano was urgent, and the men, at all events, must needs take provisions back to Ono without delay.

"Now, one of them, Tui Liku by name, was of a roving spirit; a handsome man, and a great

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[1] An uninhabited island twenty-five miles south of Ono, the last of the Fijis.

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favourite with all the girls, though not so much liked by the men, whom he had so often deceived. Hearing their discussion he got up, saying he would start to gather food at once. Now, his plot was this: to hide in the 'bush' and get lost as if by accident, so as to be left behind when the men went away. And after a little time he saw in the distance that the men had filled up the canoe with food and were hoisting the sail. So he then came out with a big basket on his shoulder (into which he had hastily thrown coconut shells and other rubbish, to make it appear full), and ran down to the beach, but purposely not so fast that he could catch up with the canoe. Then, to his dismay, as he got nearer he saw that all the people, both men and women, were sailing away. He called out to them, 'Come back, come back,' but the helmsman only laughed at him derisively and waved his hand. For it seems that they had suspected his plan and determined to leave him behind.

"He watched the canoe growing smaller in the distance; and then, with heaviness in his heart, he returned to the house. He sat there for a long time, and then, after he had gathered some food, and cooked and eaten it, he lay down to sleep."

* * * * *

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THE DEMONS OF TUVANA ISLAND.

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"He awoke to the sound of voices, and thought that the people had returned, for it was now dark and he could not see their faces. He called out, and asked them why they had done this thing to him. But only a mocking laugh greeted him, and he heard more clearly the talk, and it was in a strange tongue. Then Tui Liku was greatly afraid and edged nearer to the wall of the house, hiding his face. Thereupon one spoke to him: 'Tui Liku, Tui Liku?' 'It is I, sir,' he replied, in a frightened whisper.

"'We have come for you,' said the voice; and thereupon he felt himself clutched by unseen hands in the dark and dragged outside, where there was a new moon just rising. Then he became very troubled indeed, for he knew that they were the demons of Tuvana; and their leader—whose name I do not know—but who was a little humpbacked man (*Daku-pusi*, 'pussy-cat's backs,' we call them), snatched him up with terrible strength, and, laughing, threw him to one of the others. And this one threw him up in the air and caught him again, and then others came up, and so threw him up and down, as the children play with the *dawa* fruit, all through the night, tossing him from one to the other till he was nearly dead. And as morning

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came, the leader said to him, 'We will not quite kill you now. Go back, Tui Liku, and sleep well to-day, for we will fetch you again to-night.'

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"Whereupon they all fled, and Tui Liku crawled back wearily to the house at Butoni. Now he was sorely troubled in his mind about this thing; but after sleeping for a while he woke up feeling a little easier, and after he had eaten he thought of a plan to hinder their will. For Tui Liku was a wise and cunning man, sir, as I have mentioned before. So towards evening he gathered great heaps of firewood, and built them up in a ring round the house, and set fire to them, and lay down comfortably to sleep, for he knew that even demons would not venture across such a fire. Presently he woke to the sound of shrill laughter, and to his horror he heard a hissing noise, and saw that the demons had fetched water in big banana leaves from the sea, and had put out a portion of the fire. He tried to edge away, but it was useless, and their leader seized him by the leg and tossed him out to his friends. And that night, too, they played ball with him till sunrise.

"All next day Tui Liku pondered on this matter, and at last he decided to climb into a very high coco-nut tree and sleep there for the night, for he was very weary for the want of sleep. And that night he was again awakened by the

*539 776 noise of their laughter; but for a long time they could not find him, and he could see them searching up and down the beach for him. At last one of them said he had a wish to drink, and started to climb the tree for a coco-nut; nearer and nearer he came, and great, sir, was the fear of Tui Liku. Just as the demon reached the top he looked up and saw Tui Liku crouching there. With a loud yell he snatched him out and flung him to those below, who caught him and threw him up again nearly as high as the tree, and then started throwing him from one to the other as before.

"By the morning he was indeed very nearly dead, and great, too, was his need for sleep, but he managed to get as far as Butoni, and slept till the sun was high overhead. He then drank some nuts, and started also to scrape some others for *waliwali* (oil) to rub his bruised body with. Afterwards, when he had made a 'lovo'[1] and eaten, he lay down to think and devise some scheme for the night to come. 'Now,' he thought, 'it is useless to try and hide from these people on land, as they will spy me out anywhere; but as they are demons perhaps they will not be able to pass over water.' Accordingly, he felled a tall coconut tree which was overhanging the water's edge, so that it lay with its head far out to sea, gently lifting and falling with the movement of the waves.

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[1] A South Sea Island method of cooking with leaves and heated stones.

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He then walked out along the stem, and hiding himself among the leaves of the crown, prepared himself for sleep.

"Now, sir," said the old man, counting off on his scarred old fingers as he spoke, "this was the fourth night that Tui Liku was about to pass on this haunted island, but he thought that his cunning would get him a good night's rest at last. And, indeed, it was nearly midnight before the sound of their voices wakened him, and they were not laughing as before, but seemed angry and perplexed in their tone. They had, I expect, searched all the island for Tui Liku, and thought that he had truly sailed away. Just then their leader came across the freshly-cut root of the coco-nut tree, and instantly ran along the trunk and caught Tui Liku by the hair. Great was their exultation, and great the sorrow of Tui Liku, for he had not thought that they could pass the water like that. One thing there was that was good, the rest of the night was but short in which they could disport themselves with him.

"Next day, after he had rested a little, he scraped some more nuts for oil, and deep was his thought as to how he should act in the night to come. He had tried the land, the air, and the water; and his mind was empty of another plan. Then he saw some little sand-crabs (*kaiki*) running

*539 776 across the beach, and at once he decided to bury himself as the *kaikis* do in the sand; for here, surely, thought he, these evil-minded chiefs will never find me.*

"So that evening he buried himself deep in the sand, leaving only a small hole, like the tunnel of a *kaiki*, for his nose to breathe through. And when the night came, great was the searching of the demons for Tui Liku; and they were just giving up when their leader said, 'Well, friends, how would it be to catch some *kaiki* for our *bulasi* (midnight snack).'"

Here, I am afraid, I rather rudely interrupted the old gentleman to ask him how Tui Liku understood what they said, and why they used the expression *bulasi* instead of *bulago.*

"Have I not said, sir," he replied, "that Tui Liku was a wise man? I expect he had learnt their talk by this time. And, another [197] thing, were they not demons of Lau? Why, then, should they use the language of Bau?"[1]

Properly silenced by this, I asked him to proceed. He settled himself back again and continued.

"So they searched up and down the beach, [226] prodding the sand with sticks to find the *kaiki* tunnels, as is the custom when we seek *kaiki* for fish-bait. At last the leader came to where Tui

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[1] Bau is the "Parisian" dialect of the Colony, and the old man had hitherto been telling his tale in it.

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Liku lay. '*Sobo*,'[1] said he, 'here is a large one.' And with that he thrust in his hand and twitched out Tui Liku by the nose! Now, the demons did not play ball with him that night, but they made a new game, and raced along the beach, dragging him round and round the island, sometimes through the sea and sometimes through the sand, till Tui Liku thought his end was near. But morning came at last, and with it they threw him with a yell inside the door of the house at Butoni. 539* 776

"Nearly all that day Tui Liku slept, and late in the afternoon he ate some food and drank some nuts, and then thought what next he might do. 'Truly,' he said, 'there is nothing left that I have not done. There is nowhere now for me to hide. Would that my people from Matokano would come back.' Then he thought again, and went out and brought in five stems of banana trees; for thinking of his own people had given him a plan. Now, these stems he cut to the length of men, and arranged them about the mats to look like men lying down sleeping. He then got in among them and lay down to sleep.

"When it was dark he heard the voices outside as usual, but as they reached the door, he heard one say, '*Sobo*, they have come back again'; and

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[1] An expression of astonishment.

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then he heard them creep away and whisper in the distance. Then, after a little, they came nearer again and changed their voices to those of girls, and sang beautiful songs outside, so that never had such sweet singing been heard on Tuvana before. And they sang and sang till at last Tui Liku sat up to listen the better to them. Then one, who had been hiding near the door, said, 'Look. There truly is Tui Liku. The others are not *kai-vuravura* (world-men) or they *could* not still lie there sleeping. It is but another plot of Tui Liku's.' So they rushed in and dragged him out, and this time they threw him nearly from one end of the island to the other. All night long they threw him about, so that when morning came he could hardly move; and he uttered sadly as they left him, 'Another such night as this and Tui Liku will be no more.' He then rolled over and fell asleep, and slept until late afternoon, when he got up and ate some food, and started to oil his aching limbs, his head nodding and his eyes half-closed with weariness as he did so."

THE GOING TO BUROTU.

"Whilst he was doing this there suddenly appeared in front of him 'Ligadua' (the one-armed), who is one of the Lords of Burotu, and is also a protector of the Matokano people.

" 'What is this, Tui Liku,' said he; 'why are 539*
you thus sleepy, and why do you look so sad?' 776

" 'It is because of the demons of this place, my lord,' said Tui Liku; and he told him what had befallen him. Whereat Ligadua was very angry, and he stepped across to his house (you may see the foundation of it to this day, a *yavu tameri* (a marvellous one indeed), and fit truly for a god. Now, outside his house lies the great Drum named *Sagasagawalé* (all-our-work-for-nothing), about the theft of which from Matokano by the god I will tell you some other day. He rang hard and loud on *Sagasagawalé*, and all the demons of Tuvana came running up at once and sat down in a circle before him. Then Ligadua spoke to them, and was very angry with them, and reproved them, and warned them never to touch Tui Liku again. They hung their heads [201] in silence, and plucked at the grass[1] near them, and were ashamed. Then Ligadua told them to go; and he called up Tui Liku and told him he might use his big house, and that he might wait there for a canoe from Matokano without further fear of the demons. 'As for me,' he said, 'I now go back to Burotu.'

"Then Tui Liku summoned up his courage and asked to be allowed to see Burotu.

" 'If I take your spirit with me it may not be

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[1] A Lauan method of showing shame.

*539 able to return again to its body,' said Ligadua,
776 'for no world-man has ever yet come back from Burotu.'

"But Tui Liku continued to beg very hard, until at last Ligadua consented. But he warned him to follow exactly in his footsteps, and also to do everything exactly as he did, or Tui Liku would never return again to earth.

"So they went down to the beach where the surf-waves were rolling in. 'Now, when a white wave comes, wait, and do nothing; and when a black wave comes, wait, and do nothing; but when a red wave comes, jump. For the red wave is the true ferry-boat to Burotu,' said Ligadua.

"Whereupon he called out, *Lele mai Mua Vesi, Lele mai Mua Vesi* (bend over towards us a 'chiefly canoe'—meaning the red wave the
554 colour of *vesi*-wood—for at Ono the *mua vesi* were
501 the canoes of chiefs alone in those days; the
824 common people, as now, using hollowed coco-nut logs for their canoes). And then a red wave came, and they both jumped, but the spirit only of Tui Liku went on with Ligadua to Burotu, for his body was washed back on to the beach. And the name of that place is 'Vunikatavatu.'"

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"So they reached Burotu Island, and entered the town, which was a noble town with fine

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houses and everything fair to see. And they came to the great Council House, in which sat the King of Burotu with his Chiefs. Now, the King was the father of Ligadua. 539* 776

"'Welcome home, Ligadua,' said the King. 'Good is your coming from the land of the world-people.'

"'It is good, sir,' said Ligadua; then he added, 'I have a friend from earth waiting outside.' For he had told Tui Liku to wait until he should ascertain the mind of the King.

"'Let him enter,' said the King.

"Then some Burotu people came in bringing *ai vonovono* (offerings) to Ligadua because of his home-coming. They brought two young coconuts on the branch, as is the custom in Lau. Now, these were red nuts, and very fine ones called *Niu Rerega*, such as Tui Liku had never seen before. After this, *Yaqona*[1] was made, and they drank it with all the ceremony proper to Burotu. And when this was over, Tui Liku nudged Ligadua, and whispered that he had a request to make. It was this, that he might take these nuts back to earth with him and plant them there. So Ligadua turned to the King and said, 'May it please you, sir, my *matanivanua* (aide-de-camp) wishes to take these nuts away to plant in his own country.' [276]

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[1] Or Kava, the ceremonial drink of the South Seas.

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"'It is well. Tui Liku may take them,' said the King.

"Then Ligadua said that Tui Liku might look round the town, but he was not to enter any house, not even if one of the beautiful maidens beckoned to him, or he would never be able to return to earth again.

"So when Tui Liku had seen all the wonders of the town, and had eaten part of a fine feast at the King's house, he and Ligadua returned to Tuvana again. And Tui Liku planted the *Niu Rerega* at a place called Mataniwai, and they may still be seen there.

"And after a day or so they went back to Burotu once more, and this time Tui Liku brought away the beautiful short coco-nut called *Niu Leka*, whose tree is not much higher than a child, and yet bears its great crop of nuts.

"And twice more did they go to Burotu, bringing back *Miji*, the little bird that flits among the coco-nut trees, and also the seed of the *Qai Kula*, the great almond. And *Niu Leka* and *Qai Kula* he planted also at Mataniwai.

"Now the fourth time they returned to earth Tui Liku was dismayed to see that a *Dilio* (a sandpiper) had been pecking at his body, and had pecked one eye out.

"'*Isa, au vuta*' (I refuse to get back again into

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that), said Tui Liku, angrily, for he was a proud man, and full of vanity. 539* 776

"'You must,' replied Ligadua, 'you may not stay here.'

"So Tui Liku perforce returned into his body. And soon after that the canoe came from Matokano, and he returned home; but he was ever afterwards known as *Matadua* (the one-eyed one).

"And the *Dilios* at Tuvana, to this day, call out '*Tui Liku, Tui Liku,*' all day long." [825]

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And here the old man's tale ended—a tale that was firmly believed in by his fathers, and not a little by himself, as a true story of what actually happened. And a family at Matokano claim to trace direct descent from Tui Liku to this day. [173]

Now if the south Lauans came from the southeast, probably from Tonga (I mean came by "drift" in very remote days, and long before the eighteenth century Tongan invasions), they would have quite forgotten Tonga except as a vague and semi-mythical place. Then, when the old home was forgotten, it is possible that some adventurous spirit from Ono or Tuvana actually did sail—with that rare occurrence, a westerly wind—to Tonga, and bring back with him these fruits and birds; hence the tale of Tui Liku. 174 539*

174 One more word as to the Lauan Burotu. Ducks,
*539 and one sort of pigeon, were undoubtedly intro-
823 duced (or else storm-driven) from Tonga; and
776 there is a legend that there are two upright stones out on the reef at Tuvana which are in a straight line with the direction of the mysterious flight of duck and pigeon that came from Burotu, and these stones point to Tonga.

These two stones incidentally are said to be the captured gods that I mentioned earlier, and for many generations one could hear them saying in a sing-song chant out on the reef,

> *Burotu, Burotu, we two are hiding it,*

until an impious trader at Ono, named Sidney Perry ("who sickened and died soon after"), some thirty years ago, "took a hammer and knocked them on the head *and killed them.*" Ever since when they have been silent!

SOUTH SEA MAGIC.

WE were running along the coast in smooth 123
water beneath the high cliffs of Vanua Balavu,
the northernmost island of the Lau Group—
a group whose scattered islets dot the sun-kissed Pacific over a stretch of two hundred
miles between the colony of Fiji and the island
kingdom of Tonga. It was a sunny afternoon,
and, reclining on a long chair on the deck of the [649]
little government yacht that carries the District
Commissioner about on his multifarious duties,
I was drowsily listening to the throbbing of the 123
engines when I noticed one of the crew, a fuzzy-headed convict, gazing intently at a little bay 115
between the cliffs. (The crew of the government
yacht are always made up from the gaol, and this
plan works excellently, as the Lauans are born
sailors, and under the firm discipline of an experienced captain, and with a warder always on
board with them, there is never any trouble to
be feared. Indeed, most of them are gaol-birds [673]
of but mild hue, with wings temporarily clipped
for comparatively trifling offences, petty larceny

123 115 being one of the most common, as the Polynesian [673] Lauan—true to type—is by nature more light-fingered than his semi-Papuan brother of Fiji.

[516 576] I asked the man what he saw; and, seating himself cross-legged in the attitude of respect, he politely answered, "It is nothing, sir, I was but thinking of Filipi, a man formerly of my town."

"And what about Filipi? What did he do?" I inquired.

"He is dead," he answered, looking down at the deck.

*539 754 Knowing from the man's attitude that there was something behind all this I asked him freely to tell me all. No one enjoys "spinning a yarn" more than a South Sea islander when he really gets started, and many interesting old legends, and, incidentally, helpful facts in my work, have I picked up in this way on some of my lengthy sea-journeys about the group.

"It was this way, sir," he began. "It was said that *dua na vakadraudrau ca* (some evil magic) was performed at that place there," [201] pointing with his chin—the same gesture his Malayan ancestors had used thousands of years before—at the little bay we were passing. "I know nothing of it myself," he hastily added. "It is only what I have heard, and it happened years ago, just before you, sir, first came to Lau. Now, Filipi and a man of Nayau Island were doing

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some weeding for the Chief of Lomaloma, on his plantation here, at this place called Takaniu. It was said that Filipi was well versed in magic, which, of course, is a forbidden thing, and which, as you know, sir, none of us natives believe in nowadays." 539 * 754

I nodded and tried to look as credulous as I could.

"But it happened," he went on, "that the man of Nayau was also a *taukei* (past-master) in that sort of work. Now, whether due to the heat of the sun or whether some sickness caught them, or what it was I don't know, but they were angry with each other on that day; and when they rested for their mid-day meal a great dispute arose between them, and their talk ran upon magic. Then he of Nayau looked at Filipi and said slowly to him, 'There is one thing that I truly know, Filipi, and that is that my magic is more powerful than yours.'

"'Your talk is but lying talk,' retorted Filipi. 'It is well known that we of Daku town are very strong in this thing—a thing that our forefathers have taught us, and no one can surpass us in this matter.'

"'*Sa vinaka*' (so be it), replied the Nayau man; and he grew very angry then. 'Here are food-scraps from your meal and food-scraps from mine. We will each take the other's away

+539 and see in very truth whose is the stronger
754 magic.'

"Now, Filipi did not quite like this; but he was too *madua* (ashamed) to withdraw his words, so he answered, 'Let it be so,' and making a palm leaf basket he gathered up the food-scraps left by the other and went off to Daku, the Nayau man retiring to a hut just above the beach there.

"Now, you must know, sir, that the way of it is this: One takes some little thing that belonged to one's enemy, such as a bit of his hair, or his nail parings, or a bit of his clothing, or scraps left from his meal, and after certain workings with these in secret one takes them and buries them under the house, or, perhaps, in the thatch of the roof, of the man he hates."

"And what are the secret workings," I asked, with assumed indifference; for I had long been anxious to know how it was carried on, and had I asked judicially in Court I should never have known in a month of Sundays, whereas in this casual way it was possible that it might be disclosed. "Truly it will be a most useful thing to me when I get back to my own land," I added jokingly.

He grinned, showing a magnificent set of white teeth, in contrast to the smooth brown skin of his face. "But this magic cannot affect you white chiefs," he said, laughing, "for you

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eat different sort of food from us natives. That is the reason. It is well known that some evil-minded person tried thus to kill the magistrate's clerk,[1] when the British Government first came here in the times of our fathers, but it availed not. 539* 754

"The way of working it is this," he added, "though, of course, it is only what I have been told. He who wishes to perform this magic must first prepare himself in certain ways. He must keep away from the sea, and must have a small fire continually smouldering on his hearth for four days, and the flame of this must never die out during that time. He must also abstain from eating certain foods, and especially the two fish known as *matumatu* and *volo*, for should he eat of these his magic will strike back upon himself. (And here, sir, is a sure test to find out a worker of these evil deeds. For, as you know, we natives always sit round our meals together, and should we be having fish boiled up with herbs the rich broth is first of all handed round in coco-nut shell cups, and we drink this before the women turn the fish out on to the leaf plates in our midst. Now, a worker of this evil magic dare not drink the soup until he knows of what sort the fish is, so he will abstain, and make some excuse, and thus there will be great suspicion cast [264]

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[1] Mr. H. L. Tripp.

*539 upon him.) And having prepared all things he
754 next takes the scraps that I have spoken of before and mixes them up with the juices of certain plants, secretly and at night. Then he takes a bottle or a gourd or a short piece of hollow bamboo, and thrusts the mess inside; and as he does so he whispers into it the name of the person he wishes to kill, and then at once stops up the neck of the vessel with a plug of coco-nut leaves and fibre, and takes it away and conceals it at his enemy's house. And just before dawn on the fourth day he goes to purify himself in the sea, and from that time the magic starts to take effect. And so it was with these two. On the fourth day Filipi became unwell, and on the seventh day he died.

"Now, you must know that it is a most necessary thing to set the evil free from the body of the dead man before a further four days shall elapse, or once more it will surely fall back again upon him who caused the evil. So that one must take a spear or a sharp stake and transfix the dead body, or else one dies oneself. But the Nayau man had not thought his magic would act so quickly, and had not made inquiries, so that it was over three days before he heard of Filipi's death, for Daku is at the other end of the island. Very troubled in his mind he set off at once to the house of the chief of Lomaloma—which, again,

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is at the front of the island, across the hills—pretending to be going there to help mourn for Filipi. And that night he went out, no one knew where; but on being called for some purpose by the chief, he could not be found. And in the morning he was asked where he had been, but he would only say that he had not been outside the compound, but had slept in a small shed by the yam-house all through the night. But one could see that his spirit was heavy within him, and there was something pressing down on his soul. He went back, indeed, to the plantation, but the next day he lay down in his hut, and from there he was carried into the town, but nothing could do him any good, and he was dead within a week.

"That was a bad affair, sir," he went on, shaking his head. "Before he died he confessed the whole thing, and he told the people that he had gone over to Daku on that last night in the dark to find the grave of Filipi. But he was a stranger there, and he did not dare to ask for the grave to be pointed out to him. And having seen a mound which he thought was the one, he had thrust a stake deep down into it, and then waited behind the trees till daylight. When the dawn came he found to his dismay that it was an old grave which he had *suaka'd* (pierced); and there was the new grave, not far off, too late now to pierce, *539 754 for the four nights were past. It was the worst case that had happened since the evil Lord Turuku had in like manner slain the Ravunisa in the early days of the government."

"What was that?" I said. I had heard some rumour of this old tragedy before, but I thought I might glean some fresh information about it from this man.

"I know nothing of that, sir," he replied. "I was but an infant at the time. But I have heard that it is all written in the great books at the Court House. The only thing I know is that the name of that Ravunisa was Ratu Mudu."

175 565 614 When I returned to head-quarters I looked up some of the dusty old books of record at my office, and discovered in one (containing reports for the year 1881) a full account of the happenings at the death of the Ravunisa of that time. It appears that there were two great families or clans at Lomaloma (the capital of the Lau Islands) dating from very early times, called the Galà people and the Buca people. A third clan, called Na Turuku, lived on the borders of the same town, but though strong and important were always regarded as "outside the pale," and not quite as belonging to Lomaloma. The heads of the two inner tribes of Galà and Buca bore the hereditary titles of the "Ravunisa" and the "Rasau" respectively. The head of the Na Turuku

people was merely called "Tui Na Turuku" 175
(Chief of Na Turuku). For some generations back 565
there had existed a barely concealed rivalry 614
between Galà and Na Turuku; but although
Galà considered themselves the more chiefly
people, Na Turuku had one great point in their
favour—*the hereditary priest had to come from a* [793]
certain family in their tribe, and the priest-caste
dealt in magic and other awe-inspiring matters!

So it came about that Ratu Mudu (lit., "cut 175
off suddenly," a most prophetic name, had his 565
parents only known it) was one day stricken ill 614
with some mysterious complaint, and told his 754
relatives that he knew he was doomed to die.
Now, this was a most serious matter, as only [766]
one generation earlier it would have meant a large
strangling of widows and other savage ceremonies
for the death of so great a chief; and even now
it was a matter that would convulse the whole
island. And to make matters worse the Ravunisa
said that he was convinced he had been bewitched
(*vakadraudrau'd*).

The next day a message was sent to the Magistrate
that the Ravunisa was dead! The Magistrate
hastened to the house, where all the mourners
were assembled, and a crowd outside, and he
found the Ravunisa laid out in state, but still [763]
convulsively moving under the funeral cloth!
In the eyes of the people, according to ancient

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175 custom, he *was* dead, because he was "as good
565 as dead."[1] But he lingered on for another day,
614 in a semi-comatose condition, and died on Septem-
[763] ber 13, 1881, having refused to be sent to hospital "as he knew it was hopeless."

He was given a great funeral, and for four nights all his followers slept in a solid ring round his grave, with some of them doing sentry-go up and down all night, armed with axes and clubs. They were determined that the worker of the witchcraft should not be able to *suaka* the grave.

His brother, the heir-apparent, Jioti Sugusugu by name, was away on the day of the death, but immediately he returned he gave orders for all trees and shrubs to be cut away for a good distance in the vicinity of the grave, to give no chance of concealment to anyone. And Tui Na Turuku was kept under close but secret observation all through the critical period. He actually visited the Magistrate (Charles R. Swayne, C.M.G.) and asked him to remove the grave-guard "as it hurt his feelings," but Mr. Swayne very wisely refused, as that would have only cast still further suspicion at the time on Tui Na Turuku, without giving any certain proof of crime.

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754 Nothing further happened at *that* time, but it

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[1] Curiously enough, much the same thing happened about the present Tui Na Turuku, an old man of about seventy-five, only a month ago. I was told that he was at death's door; and on going to see him I found him laid out in his grave-clothes! But I gave him some simple medicines and I saw him only a few days ago amusing himself by vigorously digging in his garden.

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afterwards transpired that Tui Na Turuku had, with two men called Bavatu and Vili, been tried by the Government of Maafu (the Tongan conqueror of Lau, who handed over his kingdom to England when Fiji became a Crown Colony) fifteen years previously for "killing a man by *vakadraudrau* at Cicia Island," and that Bavatu had been found guilty and executed; and further, that Vili on his death-bed in exile at Levuka had acknowledged that he had been the cause of several deaths by *vakadraudrau* at Lomaloma. And further, that since that time Tui Na Turuku had been under strong suspicion of being the cause of the death of a man named Livai at Lomaloma, through whose body a stake was found pierced after death! The people dismantled and removed Livai's house, and found a small vessel, containing the ingredients mixed with a piece of Livai's clothing, buried under the doorway of the house.

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In a case happening within recent years it is said that the suspicious relatives shrewdly placed a sheet of iron under a thin layer of earth covering the grave, and that the murderer, on trying to spear the grave, was so upset by the mysterious power that broke his spear that he was turned insane. But this happened before I came to Lau, and I can find no authentic record of it.

754 It is, however, firmly believed that my predecessor's cook, who rejoiced in the name of Apukuki, was *vakadraudrau'd* to death by his wife, Bale, in a fit of jealousy over his "strayings from the straight path" among the beauties of the village; and a former sergeant of police, named Josateki, is thought to have only escaped by a miracle by the prompt use of antidotes.

But at the same time the would-be wielder of *vakadraudrau* has apparently by no means an easy task. First of all the victim must be either a Lauan or a Fijian. As I mentioned before, [829] white men "eat different food" (which, to a [262] native, accounts for all their idiosyncrasies, and for all the differences of mentality, physique, and habit). "Even the Tongan natives are not affected by it"; and, in fact, their laughing at the folly of it has done as much good as anything 175 towards eradicating it in the Lau Islands. About 754 1870, during the Government of Maafu, a Lomaloma man professed to be able to discover and remove *vakadraudrau*. He went to a suspected house at dawn, and first carefully bathed his arms, [786] face, and chest with a certain protective liquid, after which he fell into an inspired frenzy, and was told by his god where to search. Awakening, he thrust his arm into the thatch and triumphantly withdrew a bottle of fluid, which in great awe he poured solemnly into a basin near by, warning

the bystanders that a spot of it touching them 175
meant instant death. Mafi, the local Tongan 754
magistrate, a man of great force of character, promptly rinsed his hands in the fluid, and the other Tongans followed suit, with much laughter, covering the crestfallen priest with confusion. But Mafi then, with the rough-and-ready justice of those days, had the man trussed round and round with about fifty coils of rope and laid out for twelve hours in the sun, telling him to keep the flies and insects away by his powerful magic !

But even this did not entirely put a stop to the practice, as the people promptly invented the theory that Tongans were immune. In fact, this was the answer given to a former Magistrate when he argued that the alien usurper Maafu had been able to live to such a great age without succumbing to *vakadraudrau.*

Secondly, the performer must not break certain 754
tabu (such as the eating of *matumatu* and *volo*)[1]. [262]

Thirdly, there is a time limit of four nights, and the vessel that contains the charm may be discovered in time. Some unscrupulous natives make quite a good thing (until caught, for any dealing with *vakadraudrau* is a criminal offence) by pretending to discover *vakadraudrau* vessels by a superior magic ; and only in 1914—while I was away on leave—the Commissioner acting for me convicted a man named Jonetani of this ;

[1] [Two Kinds of fish.—Analyst]

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754 Jonetani having earned princely fees (for a short time) by walking about and feeling "by a peculiar sensation of warmth to his feet" where charms had been buried under the houses of sick people—he having placed them there beforehand.

Lastly, there is the potable antidote, called either *vakadranu* or *vakasili*, which, if administered by one skilled in such magic, inevitably drives the *vakadraudrau* away.

It is only right that, as long as the superstition still remains among the people, transactions in magic of any kind should be dealt with in the criminal courts, as among a primitive people even the idea that some one might have *vakadraudrau'd* them may be enough to cause death by auto-suggestion. In fact, that is the most natural explanation of most of the deaths that have occurred. A man has probably been suffering from some mild illness, he gets the idea of *vakadraudrau* into his head (which his relatives do not by any means try to dispel), and it so preys upon him that he gives up "the wish to live," and turns his face to the wall and dies. For this [683] reason people when convicted of these practices were, and still are, severely dealt with, even the milder law of to-day allowing a sentence of six months and twenty-four lashes.

754 184 Now, all the instances I have mentioned above occurred in northern Lau (in other words, those

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islands of the Lau group that are essentially "Fijianized" by conquest in ancient days by the fierce and swarthy semi-Papuan tribes from Cakaudrove—a section of Fiji). Among the fairer-skinned Polynesians, who people the rest of Lau, the practice was never carried on. And this again gives a very good example of the cast-iron bonds of "custom" among the South Sea races. All follow exactly the ways of their fathers; even in the gigantic upheaval of European civilization they only assimilated certain new European customs and ideas; but they seldom or never exchanged or appropriated the ideas of other South Seas peoples. Thus, among a confessedly superstitious race we practically never find *vakadraudrau* south of Lakeba Island; while the *Tuka* practices (another sort of magic, from the interior of Great Fiji) have never taken the slightest hold among the Lauans, though Lau was always the selected place to which the Government deported most of the professors of that cult; in fact, the last batch, exiled for five years, are still scattered through the different islands of the archipelago. 754 184 [177]

The general superstition of the people is very well shown by the Polynesian custom of *Yalovaki*, or soul-catching, which was a trial by ordeal, and largely practised in central Lau, and now superseded by *Regui Vola*. It is said that 174 177 695

174 *Yalovaki* was brought from Samoa by a tribe
177 now living on Lakeba Island, called the Leamaki;
695 and "Tui Leamaki" is a hereditary title used to this day by the head of that tribe. But it is purely a Polynesian custom, and was probably used by the Lauans in their previous country, before they came "from the East"; though it may have been resuscitated by the Leamaki people.

695 The procedure was for a suspected person to be brought into the centre of a ring composed of a council of chiefs, when the professor of *Yalovaki* seated himself on the mat opposite "the defendant," and solemnly said to him, "Did you in very truth do this thing or not? If you lie concerning the matter, so will your soul be captured this day." He then took a filmy scarf of finest *tappa*, and, immediately the answer was given, he twirled it over the man's head, as the Polynesians throw a cast-net, and if the man had lied, his soul was believed to be snared within it. Which belief, if the man really *had* lied, so weighed on his mind that he often went mad.
177 Now comes the modern equivalent of the practice.
627 The missionaries rightly stopped the *Yalovaki*,
[797] so the people felt bound to provide some sort of substitute. They saw in the earliest law courts
[201] the foreign method of "kissing the book," which
[754] caught their fancy immensely; so to this day

when there is an undetected crime, but especially 177
when a man falls ill and declares that he must 627
have been *vakadraudrau'd*, a secret meeting of the [201]
people is held, and all are more or less compelled [754]
to go through the *Yalovaki* practice, only *Regui Vola* ("smelling the Bible"—Polynesians do not kiss with their lips, they sniff with their nostrils) is used. This *compulsory* ordeal is not, of course, a thing to be approved of, and is not allowed, though only last year the *Roko* (native governor) of the Lau Islands wanted my permission to use it to detect witchcraft!

Various coincidences have much served to 754
strengthen the people's belief in the efficacy of 627
Regui Vola, especially the famous case of Emili 175
(the sister of Luki, the great chief of Matuku Island), which, though it happened twenty years ago, is still talked about to this day. She was strongly suspected of having *vakadraudrau'd* to death her own brother; and on the day of his death she was made to *Regui Vola* by the native missionary in the presence of all the people, and she swore on oath that she might die if she had done this deed. She was then a young woman in perfect health. That afternoon she died!

[p 64 is blank]

A SOUTH SEA SYMPOSIUM.

THE look-out at the mast-head raised his hand to signify "straight on." The long, evil-looking zigzag passage between the reefs was hissing with white foam behind us, and the blue water of the open ocean lay ahead. Not one of the twenty odd souls on board the little government yacht "Annandale" but breathed a sigh of relief, for this passage at Ono Island was one of the worst in the Lau group, and the Lau group owns the most dangerous reefs in Fiji. The engines were "chugging" merrily on, and we had only a few yards to go. Suddenly there came a tremendous *loka*, or surf wave, from starboard, the current fairly boiling in the narrow strip of deep water, and at the same time a fierce puff of wind heeled the vessel's stern over to the port reef. The captain sang out "Hard over," the helmsman promptly responded, but the engines were not powerful enough to take the unexpected strain, and the next moment we were being dashed like a toy boat among the breakers on the lee reef. [133]

"Over with the life-boat," shouted the captain, 070 and twenty willing hands laboured at the heavy task. The keel of the ship was loosely on the rocks (though within a few feet of deep water), and the huge breakers were lifting her up and down on one side with great bumps as if some giant hand was trying to make her bounce. The captain dashed below to see if the water was rushing in or not, for that constituted the real danger. Perched on the very brow of a sort of submarine precipice, she might slide over at any moment, and if a hole had been made in her she would sink instantly, like a stone, in about fifty fathoms of water.

Luckily her frame was sound, and no leak was reported; and my own private servant (a Lauan, and therefore a born sailor) with two of the crew had already dashed out on to the reef with the heavy kedge anchor and a great coir cable, and almost before we knew what had happened the windlass was at work and we were being dragged along the reef inch by inch into smoother water, and away from the surf-battered edge of the "precipice."

123 Finding that everything was all right I bethought myself of my own comfort, and getting together a few clothes and the Government papers I set off for the island of Doi, some three or four miles away, with four of the crew, in the life-boat. The surf played havoc with my things, and it was

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a very wet and disconsolate castaway that eventually stepped on the sandy beach of Doi, and turning round sat down to gaze at the ship and meditate on the prospects of getting home again. Here was I, on a tiny islet, inhabited by a handful of natives, at the extreme south of the Fiji group —so far south, indeed, as to be well on the way towards New Zealand, and not on the Fiji chart at all—and if the ship were disabled or unable to be floated off again I might be settled here for a month before a relief ship could reach me. There is, of course, no "wireless" on such remote islands as this, and the Ono Islands are seldom touched at beyond my own annual visit of inspection. 123

We eventually floated the vessel off, after a trying time of several days on the reef; and what with that and a severe gale that subsequently arose I was detained at Ono for some eleven days, during which I spoke no English, and found for literature only a copy of the *Auckland Weekly News*, just fifteen months old, to amuse myself with. It was during that time, when we sat out in the warm, moonlit nights, watching the distant reef, and wondering always whether *that* night's tide would be sufficient to float her free, that I heard some of the old-time tales of the ancient gods of Lau.

There is a fair-sized village at Doi, and, luckily, 115
the Chief of the Island was a most intelligent 123

[361]
[622]

115 man, though of a somewhat dreamy nature,
123 and although he pretended to laugh at these tales
[361] of olden days, I could see that he more than half
[622] believed them. But being intelligent he was,
at all events, able to tell a connected story, and
also help me elicit one from others; and some of
the tales I heard then I now set down.

"Did you hear that, sir?" he said, suddenly,
one night as we were seated on the beach with
some of the local islanders round a little wood
[276] fire, kept up more for the sake of re-lighting
[372] the oft-renewed *sulukas*, or native cheroots, than
for actual warmth.

[534] "That" was the distant beating of a *lali*, the big wooden drum found in all Lauan villages. The air was still, yet the sound was but faint that came to us from over the great lagoon that stretches between Doi and Ono Islands. I had several times heard the Ono *lali* before; and on calm days such as this it had seemed quite close, and certainly different from this faint sound, which now had ceased altogether. Some of the men looked at each other.

"Perhaps it is *Sagasagawalé*, for I know of no meeting to be summoned at Ono to-night, and why else should the drum be sounded?" said one of them, a little awkwardly.

"Don't be a fool," said the Chief, with a curt laugh. "These are enlightened times, and

[text continues on p. 70]

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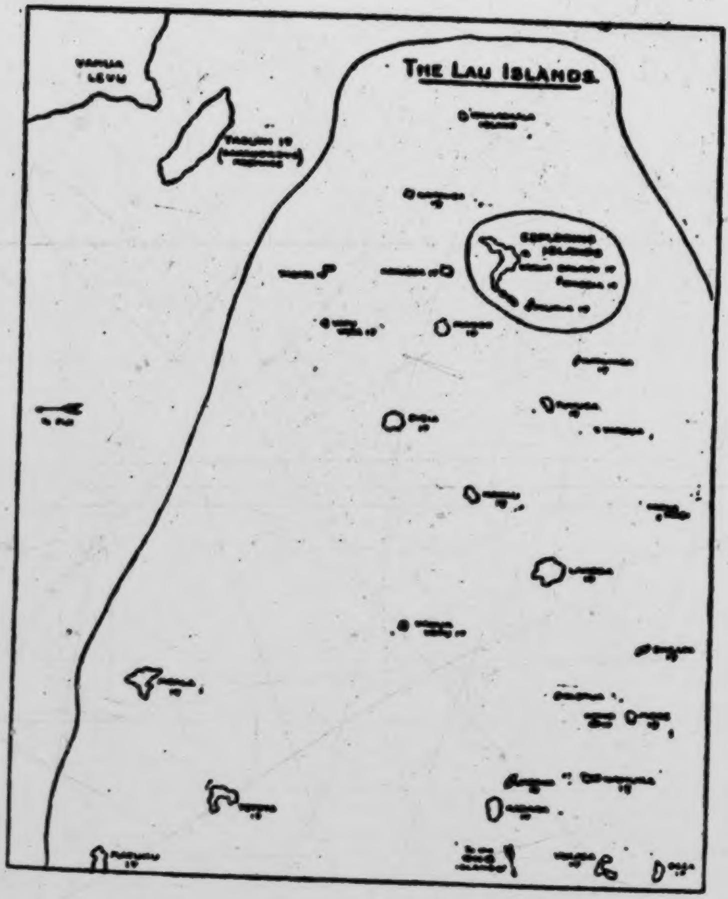
THE LAU ISLANDS.
VANUA LEVU

[p. 69]

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115 *Sagasagawalé* is not rung now," and he stooped
123 to throw another stick on the fire.

But as he sat up again he turned to me, and said a little doubtfully, "It was the Ono *lali*, sir, was it not?"

"How should I know?" I answered, somewhat amused. "I am a stranger here; you people must know your own *lalis* better than I do. But who or what is *Sagasagawalé* anyhow? But, first of all," I added, "tell some one to go and get
[276] some *Yaqona* with this shilling from the store of Joni, and a bowl shall be prepared out here." For I knew that if there was any tale to be told the South Sea kava would bring it to the surface.

THE RAPE OF "SAGASAGAWALÉ."

Soon was started the rhythmical pounding of the *Yaqona* stone, crushing the dried root between it and the large flat slab below. And then Wiliami, the Chief of Doi, turned to me and said:

*539 "In the old days, in the times of our forefathers,
173 there was war in the land, and on this island and on Great Ono there was much fighting, and all lived in forts on the hill-tops, nor was there ever any rest for us. But there came a day when Matokano town, across the lagoon there, became the strongest, and its chief, Tui Matokano, ruled the land. Then there was peace, but all looked

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with troubled eyes on the burnt houses, the trees 539*
destroyed, and the canoes and other property 173
wilfully smashed. And among other things that had been destroyed in the fighting was the great drum of Matokano.

"Now, as you know, sir, Ono is but a poor land [438]
for trees, and we have no *vesi*, the fine timber [824]
tree that is so useful to us people of Lau, and we have to go over many miles of ocean to get *vesi* canoes, bowls, and other things from our brothers of Kabara Island. But the distance is great and the dangers many, and that is why our
ordinary fishing canoes, as you have seen, are made [501]-
only of hollowed coco-nut trees, joined in the middle—though for long journeys we must needs have *vesi* canoes, for they are the iron ships of us Lau islanders. So Tui Matokano gathered
his people together and told them to prepare much [285]
gatu (native cloth) and to weave the fine mats of [437]
Ono, and get ready for a *solevu* (a bartering) at Kabara. And good was their sailing to Kabara, and the gods were favourable, and they obtained four canoes and many bowls and a great new drum whose like had never been seen before. It was of rich red *vesi* wood, smooth as a polished stone, and half as high as a man did it stand. And the sound of it was better than Tui Matokano had ever heard before.

"And one day Tui Matokano said, 'Here is

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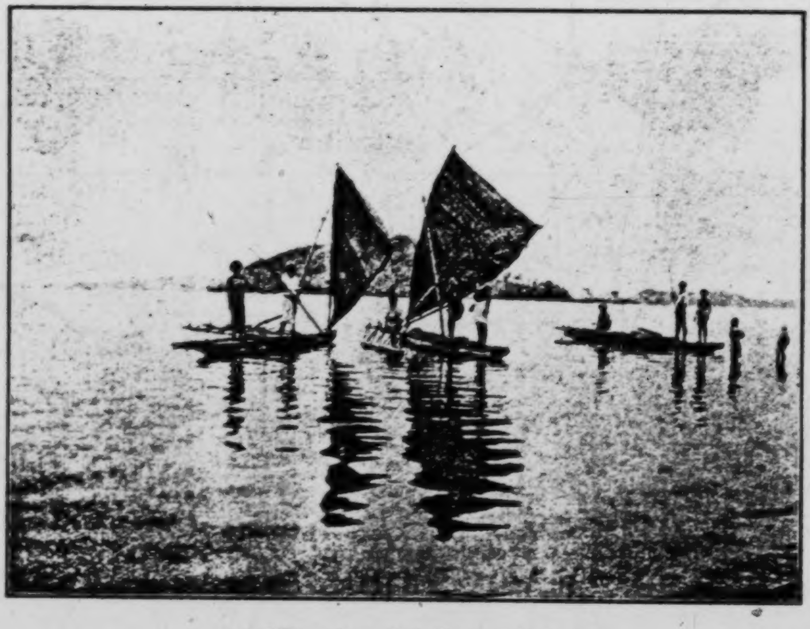

"They launched the canoes."

[facing p. 72]

173 a favourable wind from Vualiku,[1] let us return *539 home while we may.' And a farewell feast was made, they launched the canoes, and on the morrow they started back for Ono.

"But that evening at dusk a *tokavuki* (small cyclone) sprang up and great was their alarm. The waves dashed over the canoes and the bailers never ceased their work all through the night. Fiercer blew the wind, and higher climbed the waves. Then shouted Tui Matokano, 'Throw over an offering of *Yaqona* to Ligadua, for it seems our time is near and he alone can save us.' [776] Ligadua, the one-armed, was the god of Matokano; but that, sir, was of course in the dark times, before the *lotu* (Christianity) had arrived," he explained, apologetically. "And he swore that should they ever see Ono again they would make such a *magiti* (feast) and present such offerings to the god as had never before been made. And then the waves began to abate and the winds grew quieter and more favourable, and in the morning they saw in the distance the hill-tops of Ono.

"And so they safely arrived home again, and great were the rejoicings when the people of Matokano saw the fine things that had been brought from Kabara. But Tui Matokano thought not of his promise, for he had many

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[1] The north.

things to do, and was very busy with his yam 173
gardens. 539*

"And Ligadua waited and waited for his feast, and his wrath kept on rising and rising, till one day he resolved to teach Tui Matokano a lesson. And so it came about in this way. The people were all sitting on the *rara* (village green), resting in the twilight after their labour of the day, when suddenly there appeared from out of the grove of bread-fruit trees a young man, a stranger. His eyes flashed fire with anger, and [609]
he walked boldly and upright, not as one would [576]
expect an unarmed person to walk into a strange town. Not a word did he speak, but strode across to the great new drum that stood outside Tui Matokano's house. Then he laid one hand on it and grasped the edge, and looked straight at Tui Matokano. And Tui Matokano looked and saw that the other arm was missing; and his spirit became heavy and he bowed his head in fear, for he knew that it was Ligadua. Then Ligadua looked round once at the silent people, and with a loud laugh he flew off through the air; and as he flew they saw the faint shadow of the great drum of Kabara grasped in his hand.

"And when their courage returned they looked round again, but the drum was still standing there and nothing seemed to have moved. So Tui Matokano shook himself, and said, '*Sobu*, 773 *534 I must have been sleeping. That was a bad dream, that one. It seems to me it would be well to make a feast for Ligadua while I think of it.'

"So he turned to a man near by and told him to beat the great drum to summon a meeting of the people at once to discuss the matter of this feast. The man went over to the drum, and picked up the two heavy *yavayava* (mallets) and started to ring the call for a meeting of the people. But not a sound came forth. He looked at the sticks, and looked at the drum, and then he struck again. Still it was silent. Then he threw down the sticks in fear and fled. Tui Matokano was very angry, and shouted, 'Fool, why don't you do as I tell you,' and he himself went across to the drum and started to beat it. Still no sound came from it. Then Tui Matokano sat down in dead silence, and all the people waited, for they knew that it was truly Ligadua that they had seen. And as they waited they heard a faint sound from the direction of far away Tuvana Island, the home of Ligadua; and it was the ghost of their great drum that they heard, and it seemed to mock them as they listened.

773 *534 "And never again would the true drum at Matokano speak, though often on a calm night one may hear his soul speaking from Tuvana, and it is said that Ligadua is summoning his

demons when one hears it. And the people at 773
Matokano named their drum *Sagasagawalé*, which 539*
means 'All our work for nothing.' *Sagasagawalé* [552]
was still standing at Matokano town when my father was a young man, for he saw it, though it had then nearly rotted away."

The *Yaqona* was now prepared, and a young 123
man brought me the first cup, holding it up with 276
both hands; and all called out "*Maca*" when I had drunk; for even in the most informal gatherings the people never omit the due ceremonies connected with *Yaqona* drinking.

THE GHOSTLY HEAD OF ULUPOKA.

Then when the others had each had their drink 539*
I asked if the gods always flew, or how did they get 776
from place to place? I heard one man, the island
constable, who owned the appropriate name of [115]
"Jonetani Gucake" (Jonathan the Zealous), whisper something about "Ulupoka."

"Well, Jonetani, and what about Ulupoka?" I asked.

Then Jonetani settled himself comfortably on his crossed legs, tailor fashion, and said:

"In the old times we of Ono had a god (and I have heard that he was also a god of Lakeba) called 'Ulupoka.' But he was *dua na ka rerevaka dina* (a fearsome thing of awe), and was

*539 seldom seen. He was a head only, and used to
776 roll."

"Used to roll?" I repeated; "what do you mean?"

"Yes, sir, he just rolled along the ground. It was said that once there was a great fighting among the gods, and 'Ulupoka,' who was a malicious god, got slain, and his head was cut off and thrown to earth. Anyhow, that is all that
[787] appears to us; and it means sickness, if not death, when it is seen. It usually comes at dusk. One is, perhaps, sitting on the mats inside one's house, looking out through the open doorway, when a cold feeling comes over one, and one sees 'Ulupoka' come rolling and bouncing horribly across the *rara*, and then he comes over the threshold, wriggling across the mats, snarling with an evil look. One cannot get away, but has to sit there, waiting." Here he paused.

"And what then?" I said.

"He bites one's toe and goes away again."

I could not help smiling at the climax, but I could see that the whole thing was very real to the speaker.

"And does he ever appear nowadays?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "but only in our dreams, of course, for the *lotu* is the strongest now. And also there is another way we may know

when he is about. You know the light *kato* 539*
(palm-leaf baskets) that are often thrown away 776
empty about the town. 'Ulupoka' delights to [285]
climb into these, and sometimes when there is [415]
not a breath of wind one may see a basket suddenly go rolling along across the grass. Then we know that 'Ulupoka' has got into it."

The others all nodded their heads in acquiescence, and murmured "*Sa dina*" ('tis true).

THE FISHING OF THE SACRED "YAWA."

On another night we were speaking of fishing, 123
and of the best-flavoured fish; for when one gets 262
down to the primitive life one's thoughts turn 226
naturally to food, and I was no exception, for there was not much else to talk about.

"The *saqa* is good, and the *kanacé* is good, but the *nuqa* is sweetest of all," said the native magistrate, a noted fisherman, who was sitting next to me.

"True are your words, sir," said a Doi man, 115
sitting opposite; "but I think you cannot have 226
tasted the *yawa*, the great fresh-water fish of Vanua Balavu."

"No. What is that, Rusiate?" replied the native magistrate.

"It is the sweetest fish in all the world, sir," [778]
replied Rusiate; "but it is sacred to the people of

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115 Mavana, and 'tis only fished about once in three
226 years."

[778] "Tell me all about it," I said, scenting a good tale.

Then Rusiate turned to me and began.

"My mother is of Mavana town, so that I count with Vanua Balavu, and, indeed, have only lately come back here to live at Doi, my father's land. And I am of the *mataqali* (tribe)
226 that catch the sacred fish. And the catching
796 of it is thus. When it appears to the priest (that is, of course, to the descendant of the old priests, for there are no heathen priests to-day," he added, hastily) "that the time has arrived for the fishing, he goes to inform Tui Mavana, who is the great chief of all the northern half of Vanua Balavu, the long island. And Tui Mavana gathers together his people, and they take their canoes and work round the coast till they arrive at the deep bay of Masomo. There they disembark, and climb up the sloping hill-side, through the woods, till they come to the marsh of the *yawa*.
[349] Then a *buré bolabola* (rough arbour or shelter) is put up at the edge of the swamp and the priest
[793] retires inside it. The priest to-day is Juta, the son of Eroni." (I was quietly amused at this naïve
[276] confession.) "Then *Yaqona* is made, with much ancient ceremony; and after that a *lovo* (oven of heated stones) of food is prepared, and a

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796

meal taken and the people go to sleep for the night.

[276]

"And the next morning at sunrise more *Yaqona* is made, and some is poured out for the god, and then the people wade into the swamp. Now, you must know, sir, that the swamp has no clear water in it, but is a large lake of liquid mud, some forty fathoms in each direction, and in the middle it is very deep. And we are not able to swim in it (I myself was at the fishing last year), but have to take logs of light wood with us to keep us afloat.

[481]

"Then the priest on the bank says '*Ulia*,' and we take narrow staves and stir up the mud; and again he says '*Ulia*,' and once again we stir, and a third time he says '*Ulia*,' and at this the fish begin to jump. And as they leap all the people, men and women, on the banks call out '*Sa uru waqa ni Toga*' (the ship has come from Tonga), and they keep calling this out as the fish come leaping more and more to the surface. Then we catch them easily with small nets, or even with our hands, fine, big fish from two to three feet long; and having killed them we cast them on to the bank. But there is one thing we have always to remember. We may not kill them by biting at the back of their heads, as we kill all other fish, for this is *tabu sara* (strictly forbidden), and we must always twist their heads to kill them.

226 796 Sometimes there are over a hundred fish caught at one fishing; and 'tis indeed wonderful how they live and breathe in that mud. Then the fish are divided out, and half of them go to Tui Mavana and his *mataqali*, and half of them to the priest and his *mataqali*."

"And are these fish found nowhere else?" I asked.

"At Masomo and in Tonga only are they found, sir," was the reply. *539 773 776 "And their coming was as follows," he went on. "There was a goddess who lived at Tonga "*dua na Marama rairai vinaka sara dina*" (a lady the most beautiful ever seen), and she fell in love with a god at Laucala, which is, as you know, not in the Lau Islands at all, but at Cakaudrove, in Fiji. And one day she decided to take him a present of the finest fish that could be found in all the world, and that was the *yawa*, the fish that lived at one of her smaller islands at Tonga. So she made a leaf basket and placed five or six fine live fish in it, and flew off on her long journey to Laucala. And on the way the fish began to wriggle about, and presently found a small opening at the bottom of the basket. And then their leader said, 'Come, brothers, help me force open this gap, for perchance we may thus drop into the sea and swim back to Tonga.' So they wriggled and nosed about and pushed at the

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opening until at last the strand gave way with a snap, and all the lot of them fell through. But the goddess happened to be passing over Masomo just then, and not over the sea, so that the fish fell on the grass and lay there gasping. 539* 773 776

"The goddess flew on, not knowing what had happened; but when she arrived at Laucala great was her dismay on turning out her basket to find nothing but some bits of mud and leaves and a few fish-scales. And the god at Laucala thought she had been making a fool of him, and was angry and would have nothing to do with her.

"So she flew sadly back to Tonga, weeping bitterly as she went. And most of her tears fell into the sea; but as she passed Masomo, some of them fell there, where the fish lay. And they were not enough to form a pool of water, but just enough to make the ground marshy, and that is why the fishing place is a swamp to-day. And the fish-scales may still be seen at Laucala, looking like dusty glass."[1]

THE GOD WHO STOLE THE WATER FROM MOALA ISLAND.

"There was another carrying of goods between Tonga and the Lau Islands," said a man who had not yet spoken; "but that was no accident, but a thing of purpose." [115]

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[1] Probably mica.

*539 "What was that, Jale?" said the Doi chief,
773 taking a fire-brand to light his *suluka*.

776 "I don't know the tale very well," replied
[115] Jale; "for it was told me by my mother, and she only heard it from *her* mother, who was a woman of Moala Island. But I think it ran as follows:

"Long before the *Gauna Vakatoga* (the time of the Tongan occupation) there were occasional visitors from Tonga in canoes that were blown out of their course. And sometimes these people were killed, and sometimes—if there were many armed men in the canoe—they were met in a friendly spirit and entertained till they could return to their own land. And thus a Tongan canoe once came to Moala Island.

"And when they were about to return, the Chief of Moala gave to the Chief of the Tongans his daughter, Roko-vaka-ola, to wife. And Roko-vaka-ola was very beautiful, and had found favour in the eyes of Kubu-ni-vanua, the great god of Moala. And she wept and entreated her father that she might not be sent to Tonga; but her father was secretly afraid of the Tongan chief, and she had to go. And so she was taken to live at Tungua Island, where her Tongan husband gave her a fine house and all that she could desire.

"But still she was not happy, and wept often

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when by herself. And one day Kubu-ni-vanua heard her weeping, and flew over to Tonga, and asked her what it was that troubled her. Then she said, 'Take me back to my home at Moala. I do not like this land. It is dry and bare, and there is very little food, and not even fresh water to drink. (For Tungua was like many of the Lau Islands in that it had no water; though Moala, as you know, sir, had always fine running streams.)

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"'I cannot take you back to Moala,' said Kubu-ni-vanua, 'but I can bring you water, and perhaps even some Dalo for food.' At this she looked up and smiled, and Kubu-ni-vanua felt that he must do this thing for her at once.

"So he flew back to Moala and went to the place called Matamatakalou, which is near to Cakova town, and he took a great Dalo leaf and twisted it into a cup and filled it at the spring there. Then he flew off again with it to Tonga and left it on the ground outside the house of Roko-vaka-ola. And in the morning when she went out she found a beautiful spring just outside her door, with water clear and bright and very cold; and by the side of the spring, where the Dalo leaf had lain, there were already some fine Dalo plants growing up. Then was Roko-vaka-ola happy indeed, and from that day she ceased to pine.

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*539 773 776 "And this, sir, is a curious thing. You will find exactly the same sort of trees and shrubs at Tungua as you will find round Matamatakalou; and further, only at Tungua in the whole of Tonga will you find these things."

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THE DUEL 'TWEEN GOD AND GHOST.

I WAS riding along the white beaches of Cicia 115 Island 123 with my native magistrate, after a very 673 trying day in the provincial courts, deciding such trifling points (though important to the natives) as alleged thefts of copra, petty assaults—with scores of contrary witnesses on each side—or cases of conjugal infidelity, and was already feeling refreshed and invigorated by a swift canter against the evening breeze. Reining up as we came to a patch of sea-worn pebbles and stones, with here and there a knob of filagree branching coral over which our horses stepped gingerly, my friend Wiliami turned to me and said:

"Just there, sir, by the roadside, you may 539* perhaps see among the palm-trees an upright 773 stone. That is the throne of Rata Maibula, the [823] ancient god of Tarakua town, who was worsted in the great duel with the ghost of Ratu Koli."

Scenting a good legend, and knowing Wiliami [115] of old as one who had the judicial mind, and an unbiassed view-point—despite his brown skin—I thought that here was an opportunity to get

*539 hold of one of the old pieces of native mythology
773 unadorned with the modern interpretations that
115 are so frequently put to them, and events proved
that I was not mistaken.

"You must know, sir," he began, "that I am truly a man of Lakeba Island, but my grandmother was of this place, and from her, when a boy, I heard the tale of the god, Ratu Maibula, and the ghost, Ratu Koli. And this is what she told me:

*539 "In the very early days there were two towns
773 up on the hill-crest there, overlooking the sea towards the setting sun, and their names were Na Vuwai and Watika. Always were there great matters of dispute between these towns, till one day the men of Na Vuwai arose, and making their way by stealth among the trees they came upon the people of Watika, and slew them; so that none remained but some few of the Naibili tribe, who chanced to be out fishing on the reefs below. These were saved by a *Latui*,[1] who circled round and round the burning houses, and then swooped down to the men of Naibili, crying out in great grief, and calling their attention to the smoke rising on the hill-top. This, sir, was because the Latui was the Kalou Vu[2] of the Naibili tribe.

"And in the course of time they moved down

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[1] Hawk.

[2] Ancestral god.

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to the flat plain on the sea-coast—taking with them the remnant of the Naibili people—and there they founded a new town, which was first called Na Vuwai,[1] but which after the victory of Koli's ghost they named Maibula, in honour of Ratu Maibula, although in truth he was the god of Lagatea town, some distance away. And the change of name came about in this manner.

"Ratu Koli of the Walakewa tribe was in his lifetime a hard man, fierce and angry, but of mighty strength and skilled in all weapons. Great was the fear of his people when Koli arose in wrath and smote whom he willed, and many were the whisperings in the *bures* by the fireside when the nights were dark and Koli slept, yet none dared to strike. One day, however, a woman taunted her husband so that he summoned up his courage, and with certain others went along to Lagatea town to consult the god, Ratu Maibula, whose temple was at that place.

"And it so happened that the men of Lagatea were at that time building a new home for their god, and the big posts of his house were being let into their pits. A great throng of people had gathered round, and with much shouting and straining the last post had just been lowered into place.

"Then advanced the Na Vuwai men, crouching

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[1] To this day the people of Mabula town make use of the old name "Na Vuwai" in ceremonial feasts.

*539 and trembling at what they were about to do,
773 and in great fear of the god. And they offered a root of *Yaqona* as is the custom. Then they prepared a bowl of it with all ceremony; and, kneeling, poured a libation into the post-hole, calling on the god to aid them against Ratu Koli. And after that they returned home, but told no man of what they had done.

"Now, that same night Ratu Koli was troubled with dreams and a fever entered into him. And in the morning great was his illness, so that within three days he died. But as he was about to die he opened his eyes and sat up, crying out, "I know you, Ratu Maibula, 'tis you alone that have worked this evil upon me." And then he fell back dead. And when his *burua*[1] was ended the people of Na Vuwai breathed again and their heaviness of spirit left them. And soon they went about their work as usual and had almost forgotten their fears of Ratu Koli. But when the *Bogi drau*[2] arrived they carried out the ceremonies proper to a great chief. And these were nearly finished when a boy came running and informed them that one of their great canoes that had been hauled up at a place some distance away from the town was in danger of drifting off with the high tide. So a party of young men was sent to see to it. And the place where the

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[1] Funeral ceremony.

[2] Memorial ceremony on the one hundredth night.

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canoes had been left was called Nuku Nuku and was about half-way to Lagatea town.

"And when they had hauled the canoe up into safety and were sitting down on the beach to rest, looking over the still waters, they heard a rustling in the bushes behind them; and a great fear filled them, for, on turning round they plainly saw in the moonlight Ratu Koli stepping out into a little clearing, painted, and armed as for war, with his great battle-club on his shoulder. And coming from the direction of Lagatea there appeared Ratu Maibula, who was also carrying his club, as was the custom in those days. And they knew him for the god, for they were again filled with a strange trembling when they saw him; and they heard Ratu Koli cry out, hoarsely challenging, saying, 'Ho, Ratu Maibula, whither goest?'

"Then Ratu Koli smote the ground in anger with his club, so that the whole earth shook, and said, 'Thou shalt surely die to-night.'

"And Ratu Maibula advanced and taunted Ratu Koli, saying, 'What is this small thing I see? Who is it that dares to speak to me?'

Great, then, was the wrath of Ratu Koli, and he fell upon the god and they fought furiously together. The noise of their weapons meeting was like thunder, and the swift gleams of the oiled clubs were like lightning flashes. Long lasted

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the fight, and the men of Na Vuwai lay looking on, prostrate with fear. At last there was a terrible crash and Ratu Maibula was stricken on one knee to the ground; and holding up his club with both hands to ward off the blows he cried out to Ratu Koli and *soro'd*[1], and offered to be the god for the Na Vuwai people also, and to assist them in war, if only he might be spared and still live in his temple at Lagatea. But the ghost of Ratu Koli answered, 'Nay. My law to thee is that thou shalt go to Na Vuwai and remain there as its god, and the town shall be called Maibula, that all may know I have ordered this thing.'

"And Ratu Maibula was forced to consent to this, and thus it is that we now know that town as Mabula—or Maibula, as it was called in the times of our fathers. Then Ratu Koli, with a loud laugh, turned towards Na Vuwai, and was seen no more; and when the men on the beach looked towards the place where Ratu Maibula had been he also was gone.

"Now, Lagatea town was in those early days divided into three parts, namely, Tarakua-leka, Yarovi, and Sawana. And after Ratu Maibula had left it was necessary for some one at Lagatea to take up the title of Tui Cicia, so Ra Salato of the Vunisea tribe did so. But it was not long before two chiefs of Yarovi, named Mataselia

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[1] Craved pardon.

and Laligavoki, plotted against him and slew him; 539 *
and Mataselia was therefore *buli'd*[1] as Tui Cicia. 773
And Mataselia well knew the power of Ratu Koli, and how he had defeated Ratu Maibula, so he *vaka rorogo'd*[2] to him as the *Kalou Levu*[3] of Lagatea, as by this time the people of Mabula had done also.

"Mataselia was killed at the great battle at Nayau Island, when the men of Lakeba met the men of Cicia there; but of that I must speak on some other day. And on Mataselia's death Laligavoki was made Tui Cicia. He also was killed before long, as also was another Tui Cicia whose name I forget. And the killing of this same Tui Cicia was as follows:

"Some men of the Butoni tribe came for a *solevu*,[4] to Lagatea and many of them married Lagatea women and stayed on there, building a town for themselves at a place they called Butoni, just where the "Company's"[5] manager's house is now. And after a time they grew jealous of the Lagatea men, and a hatred arose within them. So they devised a scheme. They sent messages to the Tui Cicia to say they wished to perform a *mékė*[6] and bring gifts to Lagatea, and on the appointed day they arrived and the *mékė* was held at that place I showed you, where

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[1] Appointed. [2] Acknowledged his supremacy. [3] Chief god.
[4] A ceremonial interchange of gifts; practically a trading expedition.
[5] The M.I.E.P. Copra Company. [6] Dance.

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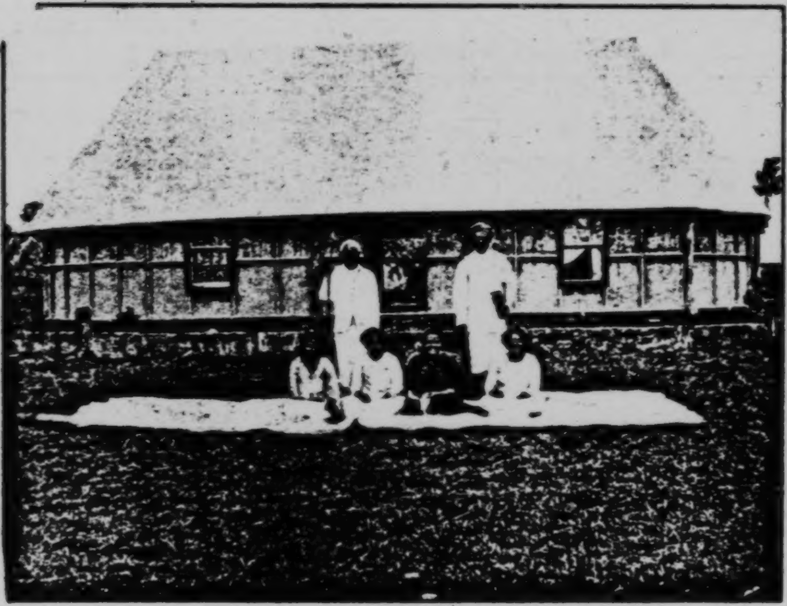

A typical round-ended house of the Lau Islands.

[facing p. 92]

*539 773 the stone was. Now, it was the custom always of the Tui Cicia to sit on this stone looking on when *mékés* were performed, or at the *Tiqa*[1] matches; and Tui Cicia was there this day. When the men of Butoni came on to the *rara*[2] in front of this stone they started their *méké*, a very fine one with *Dakai*[3] clubs, and about the middle of it, when the onlookers were crying out '*Vinaka, vinaka,*'[4] their leader gave a signal and they rushed on Tui Cicia and the chiefs who were sitting near him and clubbed them to death; and the place is called 'Na Wesi Dakai,' or 'the place of the club dance,' to this day.

"And no Tui Cicia was *buli'd* for a long time after this, as all feared to be called by that title, for it seemed of bad omen. But, at length, some one consulted the priest of Ratu Maibula, and he told them that it was not the title of 'Tui Cicia' that brought evil with it, but that Tui Cicia had been making use of the stone that had always been *tabu*[5] to Ratu Maibula. And
[753] [778] after that the stone was set up on end and left there and none dared touch it again. And it is now known that if one touches that stone his hand withers and rots, and he will in course of time surely die."[6]

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[1] Spear throwing.

[2] Village green.

[3] With special shaped heads not unlike the stock of a musket.

[4] Good, good.

[5] Sacred or forbidden to others.

[6] I was much interested in the remarks about the stone, as it occurred to me that this might be regarded by the natives as one of the stones alleged to cause leprosy, about which the Hon. Bolton Corney, I.S.O., late Chief Medical Officer of Fiji, has written a monograph.

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Here we came to a level stretch of smooth, 500 hard sand and our horses raced along at the water's edge, as glad to stretch their limbs as we were to feel the cool breeze. Presently we drew up where some cliffs went straight down to the sea, and here we took a track that led inland for a little way towards the town of Mabula.

"You may have heard, sir," said Wiliami, 539 * chuckling, "concerning a former native magistrate 797 named Samani, and of his giving to the 175 Mabula people their *lotu*[1] by means of a club. This was in the early days of the Government, and when the *lotu* had not been long in the land. Ratu Samani was a big chief from Lakeba Island, and he also considered that he was skilled in preaching; so he thought that it was his duty to make the heathen at Mabula believe in the new *lotu*. Therefore, on a certain Sunday he walked to Mabula and climbing into the pulpit in the native house that was then the church building for the use of the few who were believers, he told all the village that they must obey his *lotu* that he had brought with him. But the men of Mabula were *via via levu*,[2] for he was not a chief of their land, and would not listen to his words. So on the following Sunday he journeyed again to Mabula, though his friends would have dissuaded him, and this time he took with him his

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[1] Religion.

[2] Insolent.

*539 war-club. Again he entered the pulpit and
175 addressed the men of the town, and again were
797 they *via via levu* and laughed when he spoke.

"Great, then, was his anger, and he pulled off his white shirt—for he had on a foreign shirt which a missionary had given him—and stood upright in the pulpit, very fierce, and, holding aloft his club, 'Men of Mabula,' he cried, scornfully, 'if ye will not listen to my Bible, the Bible of the *lotu*, ye shall at least listen to the bible of Tui Lakeba' (the god of Lakeba); and he banged the club on the pulpit so that he almost broke the desk. Then were the men of Mabula much afraid and remained silent, and listened to his words; and never again did they mock in the church, for he warned them that he would return and beat them should such report reach him.

175 "But the Mabula people were ever unruly and
648 turbulent; and I have heard that in the old days
when the white chiefs first came here to plant cotton, and placed wire fences around their lands, the men of Mabula were for ever cutting these fences and stealing. So that once it was decided to teach them a lesson, and Misi Emesoni[1] (Emberson) assembled all the whites together, armed, and with them all their labourers from Tanna[2]

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[1] Afterwards the Hon. Mr. Emberson, Receiver-General of the Colony.

[2] In the New Hebrides.

whom they supplied with muskets, and surrounded the town of Mabula. Then they advanced and called a meeting; and after telling them why they had come they took three of the men who had done these things most often and flogged them before the whole town, and also burnt their houses; and for many years afterwards no more wire was cut on this island." 175 648

At this point the track led suddenly round a corner on to the beach again, and a white crane and its mate, a black one, who had been busy searching the reef pools for small fish, flew off with loud "caws" from almost under our horses' feet. 825 576

"Io, Belo!" cried Wiliami, "our horses shall not *tama*[1] with you like the men of Yacata did."

"And what made the Yacata people *tama* with a belo,[2] Wiliami?" I laughed.

"No one knows, sir," he rejoined; "but 'tis said that some men of Yacata Island were one day paddling a canoe beneath the cliffs at the back of Vanua Balavu, and when they came suddenly to the [illegible]p that separates it from Na Malata Island they heard what they thought was a loud *tama* from round the corner. They at once stopped paddling and leaned forward, heads down, to join in the respect that was evidently being paid to some big chief, when to their surprise

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[1] Pay homage of respect.

[2] Crane.

825 they saw that they had been mistaking the cry of
576 some cranes for a *tama*. But some men of Na Malata Island, who were fishing behind the rocks, pretended that the *tama* had been meant for them, and thus it became a joke that the people of Yacata were *Kaisi*[1] to the people of Na Malata."

600 At this moment we reached the outskirts of Mabula town; and for the time being the store of anecdotes of my chatty friend had to be cut off, to make way for the more pressing business of a "town inspection."

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[1] Inferior in rank, literally slaves.

A NIGHT SCENE ON NAYAU ISLAND.

ONE of the experiences that has remained most 123
vivid in my mind, and which created a lasting 574
impression, was a torchlight ceremony that took place when I was once visiting the island of Nayau, in company with the Secretary for Native Affairs, who was on a special mission from the Governor. We had just landed from the government yacht, after a quick run across the twenty miles or so of open sea from Lakeba Island, when the "Buli," or local chief of the island, came up to me and asked permission to hold this ceremony that same evening, in honour of the *Talai*, or deputy of the Governor.

He said that although it was getting dark they had arranged to carry it on by torchlight, and that they wished to receive us in the real manner that in ancient days had been the custom in Nayau.

Proceeding in single file along the narrow track through the bush, the land crabs scuttling away at our approach, we passed on to a broader turf road lit by the red rays of the fast setting sun,

123 and walked along for some distance, the islanders
574 joining our little retinue behind and asking, with
many jests and flashes of white teeth, the latest
gossip from "the capital." Presently, a horseman
123 approached, splendidly upright, and making
574 a fine picture with his great head of hair carefully
492 combed out, and his proud cast of countenance.
But his saddlery would hardly have passed
muster in Rotten Row, for it consisted of a loose
sack thrown across the pony, and a short length
of rope twisted loosely round the animal's nose
by a noose in the middle, the two ends running
backwards to form the reins! Equipped thus,
he yet maintained a beautiful seat; and at our
approach vaulted off with an astonishing dexterity,
and remained standing until we had passed,
a smile of welcome lighting up his handsome
[576] features.[1] I heard my clerk ask him where he
was going (the usual form of salutation in these
islands, and not intended for unseemly curiosity),
and his reply was, "To the next town to let them
know the Turagas have arrived."

123 On nearing the town our approach was sighted
574 by watchful boys, who raced back with a flash of
[534] brown legs, and presently we heard the deep
booming of the *lali*[2] announcing our arrival.
[516 576] Passing along the main street of the town, bor-

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[1] According to Polynesian custom no one may be (literally) raised to a higher position than a chief.

[2] Hollow wooden drum.

dered with shady bread-fruit trees and carpeted 123
with beautifully kept short turf, we came suddenly 574
in the darkness upon an avenue of living torch- [516
holders, all seated cross-legged as a mark of 576]
respect, and holding aloft their flaring torches of
tied up reeds. In each man's hand was a piece [416]
of broad banana leaf, hollowed to form a cup, and filled with sand, into which the dropping fiery fragments of the torch were caught. The dancing lights threw into strong relief the powerful features of the men, sitting silent as a row of graven images; while dimly in the shadows behind could be seen rows of spectators, men, women, and children, all silent and motionless until we reached the appointed spot, when, at a given signal by the chief, the deep *tama* was given by a hundred throats, a sound impossible to set down on paper, but not unlike a long-drawn exclamation, "o-o-a."

Taking our seats at one end of this double [349]
line, beneath a square canopy of bamboos and
many-fronded palm leaves, we found that all was
in readiness for the *Kavakavanua*, or ceremony. 431
First of all appeared at the far end of the line a 123
pair of very old men, facing us and kneeling 574 481
side by side, and holding up on their folded arms [285]
a small oblong *tabakau*, or mat of woven coco-nut leaves. They then advanced, still on their knees, and in perfect time, progressing by a curious

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123 series of side or slanting paces, their bodies
574 swaying in unison, and all in dead silence. When
[481] they reached us they deposited their burden at
our feet, with a few, almost inaudible, words, and then retreated down the long line, still facing us, in the same manner as they had come. This part was called the *Rogo tabakau*, and signified that they had brought the *Draudrau ni Vanua*[1] as a sign that the representative of the Governor—and therefore of the King—held sway over all that had grown upon the land since the last visit. (The presentation of baskets of earth, to signify that the chief held sway over the actual soil itself, had been made to the first Governor forty years before, on the cession of the Colony to Great Britain, so there was no necessity to repeat this.)

[624] Our *matapuli*[2] (or aide-de-camp or herald), then touched the *tabakau* in silence, the touch signifying his acceptance, on our behalf, of the emblem.

Then another white-bearded old man came along, also advancing on his knees, with upraised hands grasping a heavy stalk of large green coco-nuts, the nuts themselves, two in number, drooping over and suspended on his left shoulder. One nut represented the visiting chief, and the other the people of the land. He deposited these

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[1] Literally, leaves of the land.

[2] This word is often used in old ceremonies in the Lau Islands instead of the Fijian word "mata ni vanuu."

in front of us, and then waited while the leading 123
matapuli of the Nayau people came forward, 574
and, sitting down, laid his hands on the nuts and 431
made a little speech to us, asking that the great chief should excuse any faults he might see, and deal mercifully with the people and protect them as always.

Our *matapuli* then touched the offerings as usual, and spoke a few words in reply, saying that we accepted the offering and that we hoped the land would flourish and the people increase and prosper. This presentation of the nuts on their branch is always called *Ai Fono ni nona cudra*[1] or "the dam against his wrath"; in other words, a propitiatory gift.

The Nayau *matapuli* then came along, crouching, [237]
and bringing a number of ivory whales' teeth or *tabua*, heavy curved yellow tusks, each about nine inches long and supported from the two ends by a loop of dyed and twisted coco-nut fibre sinnet. These were offered with a few deprecatory sentences, speaking of "these insignificant teeth" in true Oriental style, though they are actually [435]
in this part of the Pacific the greatest gift it is possible to offer, and have an importance far above their intrinsic value. [In the old days the offer (and acceptance) of a *tabua* to a chief meant that any request accompanying it could

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[1] "Bono" in Fijian.

123 not well be refused, and might mean the cementing
574 of an alliance, or the request for a wife, or the
431 sacking of a rival town. Nowadays the presentation
of them is purely a matter of ceremony.
This part of the performance was called the
Qalovi, and should properly have taken place
while we were still on the water, the islanders
swimming out to us carrying the *tabua*, but this
is now seldom done.] Our *matapuli* took them
up in token of acceptance and gazed at them
for a moment in deep admiration, as etiquette
demanded, and then made another short set
speech, repeating his (or, rather, our) wishes that
all should be well with the land.

After this two men staggered in bearing an
enormous multi-branching root of green *Yaqona*[1]
which they placed at our feet. Our *matapuli*
[201] here did the *vaka cobo*, or clapping of the hollowed
hands cross-ways, as is always done where *Yaqona*
123 is concerned, and told the men to prepare a bowl
574 of the drink from it.

277 At this point the torches were extinguished,
lanterns suspended from the trees, and the parallel
lines of men automatically grouped themselves
in a half-circle facing us, while an enormous
round polished bowl, made of a single section of
the *Vesi* tree, and decorated with hanging clusters

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[1] Known as Kava or Hava in other parts of the Pacific; and with the drinking of which all important ceremonies must inevitably be connected.

of large white cowry shells, was brought into the 123 ring. Two or three handsome young men, of 574 magnificent physique—"the *Yaqona* mixers"— 272 then gathered round this, and the ceremony started. A fathom of cowry-strung sinnet hanging over from one portion of the rim was carefully set out so as to point directly at us; and then started the rhythmical pounding in a hollow wooden cylinder of chopped off sections of the root. (The drink was formerly made in Tonga by [171] adding water to chewed contributions from each member of the party, and the Tongans introduced the practice into Lau and thence to Fiji. But in course of years pounding was substituted in Tonga, and the Tongans then thought it a disgusting thing that Fijians should chew! Chewing has now been put down by law in Fiji on hygienic grounds, and is only surreptitiously carried on in certain mountainous districts.)

When the powdered fragments shot into the big bowl were considered sufficient the bowl was tilted towards us to exhibit them, and our *matapuli* then gave the order "*Lose.*"[1] Water was then [415] poured in from several *Pupu*,[2] and some old men [533] started, in the high-pitched, quavering notes that are always used for this, the ancient *Yaqona* song or *mékè*, the words of which they themselves hardly know the meaning of.

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[1] Wring it out or mix it.

[2] Lauan word for hollowed entire coco-nut shells suspended in woven nets of sinnet.

123 hardly know the meaning of. After a little while,
574 the mixture having attained a sufficiently fluid
272 state, the old leader of the *méké* called out "*Livi wai se?*" (Shall water continue to be poured or not?); but, apparently, no answer was expected, this being a set phrase signifying that there was enough. *Mai lose* (the wringer), then took up his duties with a thick hank of lace-like, but strong, *vau* bark fibres; and, sweeping the liquid with circular movements, gathered up in the meshwork the solid particles of *Yaqona*, leaving the turbid brown fluid comparatively clear. This sweeping process was gone through many times, the *vau* being wrung out until the last drop of fluid had been expressed from it, and the fibres twisted until the muscles of the man's arms looked ready to crack, the dry residue being shaken out over a mat at the side. When at last even this expert was satisfied he called out, "It is clear," and our *matapuli* responded, "*Tu mai,*"[1] at which two young men, decorated
[301] with coloured leaves round their arms and legs,
[415] started to carry round the drink in polished half-coco-nut shells.

The *Talai* drank his off and then sent back the empty cup along the mats in a spinning fashion, as is the custom, and I did the same;
[201] deep-toned words of "*Maca, ah, maca,*"[2] fol-

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[1] "Let them arise and approach."
[2] "It is empty" (he has drunk).

lowed by a measured clapping of hands, greeting this action. 123 574 272

So also when any of the other higher chiefs [201] subsequently drank, the same *maca* and hand clapping followed. The order of precedence was very strictly observed, and he who had poured the water called out, with a peculiar wailing cry, as each cup was filled, "*Kava kuo heka*,"[1] at which the *matapuli* called out the name of some one present. That individual thereupon clapped his hands [201] once, to draw the attention of the cup-bearer to him, and the cup was presented. In Lau they have now adopted the Fijian order of precedence, and the biggest chief takes the first drink. But in Tonga the chief drinks third, his *matapuli* and one other drinking before him, possibly to safeguard against poison.

And so ended this very impressive ceremony, a relic of Lau in the olden days, and but seldom performed now. And never before or since, in the many years I have spent in the Lau Islands, have I seen it performed among the fantastic shadows and flickering lights from a living lane of torch-bearers.

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[1] Literally, "The Kava is lifted"; in other words, "Who is to have this?"

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[p.106 is blank]

SOME LEGENDS OF THE EXPLORING ISLES.

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I WAS examining a curious stone axe-head in the 123
house of Adi Letila, a very old widow of chiefly 431
rank, at Loma Loma town, when she looked up 412
at me from the woven grass mats on which she was seated, and said, with that innate courtesy which no amount of "civilization" has yet dispelled from the Lau islanders, "It is yours, sir, if you desire to have so small a thing." Knowing that she would only feel hurt by refusal I accepted the gift—mentally resolving to send her some small present in return; and then sat down to have a chat with her. And so we talked of the days of old—the days when this axe-head had been used by her ancestors, or, perhaps, even her father—for so recent is the Stone Age in this race of cultured people among whom the mere absence of iron did not necessarily denote barbarism.

I asked her if she thought it was a good imple- 123
ment to hew out a canoe with, and she replied, with 412
a smile on her still handsome old face, "No, sir; 115

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123 the iron tools that you white chiefs brought to
412 Fiji far surpass our ancient axes in hardness,
115 though that stone you hold is indeed a hard one, almost hard enough to hurt the children of Rasikilau." And then she told me the story of Rasikilau the Mighty, and from that went on
[103] to tales of the other gods of the Exploring Isles[1] till the lengthening shadows at the house-door made me realize with a start how long I had spent listening to these legends, told by the lips of the last of the old people who still held personal belief in them.

*539 "In the days before the first foreign ship came
773 to Lau," she began, lighting a *suluka*[2] with a
776 small fire-brand, "there lived on Cikobia Island over yonder a god called Rasikilau, whose movements shook the hills when he walked, and whose head reached the tops of the highest palm-trees. Even now, when the men of Cikobia lie out on the beach on hot nights, they can sometimes feel the earth tremble, and they know that Rasikilau is moving near them.

"Now, Rasikilau mated with a goddess, a princess beautiful to see, who came sailing in a canoe from far away to the north,[3] so far that no man has ever known the name of that land;

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[1] Vanua Balavu and a few adjacent islets of northern Lau.

[2] Native cheroot.

[3] Probably part of the legend that the Cikobia of Lau people are *tauvu*, or of common ancestry, with the people of Cikobia i Ra, an island to the north of Fiji.

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and in course of time they had two children, boys of great beauty and strength. So powerful were these boys that they were wont to pull up the *mamakara* trees by the roots to make their clubs of, which, as you know, sir, is not a thing to be done by the men of to-day. And when they played it was their custom to divide the island between them, and, standing at the two ends, to throw pebbles from one to the other in their sport, for they had no *dawa* fruit in those days to play with, as boys on other islands have. And Rasikilau looked on them with pride.

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"But there came a day when the boys disputed about a fish that they had caught, and their spirit grew hot within them, so much so that one of them took up a big stone and threw it at his brother in anger. And then they started to heave mighty rocks at each other from afar off, but the great stones merely burst against their heads where they struck. Thus it has become a saying amongst us, 'As hard as the heads of Rasikilau's children.'

"But Rasikilau had come upon them suddenly through the trees, and had observed all this, and great was his fear as he saw it. For, thought he, if my sons are strong like this when they are still but boys, they will surely overpower me when they grow up, and cast me out of my island. So, without further thought, he rushed in between

*539 773 776 them and catching each by the hair he dashed their heads together, and they fell down dead.

"But after he had done this his heart was troubled within him, and going home to his wife, he said, '*Sobo!* A dreadful thing has just happened. Our sons have learnt to play with stones, and but now they have slain each other in anger with great boulders.'

"Loud was the wailing of the mother, and she refused to be comforted; and for many days she stayed in the house, only going forth each morning to tend the graves of her sons. And Rasikilau was sad at heart when he saw this; but he kept silence as to what he had truly done.

"Now, one day, Koroibo, the god who lived on Munia Island across the lagoon, heard of Rasikilau's troubles, and came across in a canoe to see him and bring him gifts. And when he landed on the beach he saw the *mamakara* trees for the first time—for he had none on Munia. '*Isa,*' said he, 'this is a fine shady tree to sit under, and the timber of it seems to me to be as fine as any wood I have yet seen.' And his longing to have the *mamakaras* for his own grew great within him.

"So he devised a scheme, and in the evening, after they had fed, he said to Rasikilau, 'Oh, Tui Cikobia (for he was also called Lord of Cikobia), if you had had the *dawa* trees on your island this evil would never have happened, for

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your children would have only thrown the soft fruit at each other, as other children do. And if you should have more children it is plain that the same thing will happen again.' 539* 773 776

"'True are your words, Koroibo,' replied the other. 'But what can I do? I have no *dawa* trees on my island, and where can one procure such things in these parts?'

"'My spirit is heavy within me for thinking of you, Tui Cikobia,' said Koroibo; 'and I, who have *dawa* trees will make you a present of all of them; and you shall give me your *mamakara* trees to take to Munia.'

"'So be it,' said Rasikilau. And forthwith they made the exchange, mixing a bowl of *Yaqona* to seal the bargain.

But of little avail to Rasikilau were the *dawa* trees, for his wife refused to be comforted, and soon afterwards she died. While Koroibo quickly lamented the loss of his fine fruit, and to this day he sits sorrowfully beneath his *mamakara* trees; and sometimes you may hear a sigh as you pass a cluster of them in one of the valleys of Munia. For never again did the *dawa* grow on Munia Island or the *mamakara* on Cikobia."

"But are these gods never seen nowadays?" I asked. 776

"No," replied the old lady, a little doubtfully. "Have not the missionaries brought the light of

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776 the good *lotu*[1] to us now? Of course there is Adi Mailagi, the goddess of Uruone district," she added, cheerfully, "who used to appear up till a few years ago; and then there is Daucina, who lives a little way down the coast; but all the other gods now only show themselves in their *waqawaqa*[2] as birds or animals or fishes. They are people of the dark times, and they fear the missionaries," she recited somewhat primly, as a child saying a lesson.

I am afraid I smiled a little as I hastily agreed with her, and then I asked her to tell me about Adi Mailagi.

*539 "Adi Mailagi," she began, picking up her
776 palm-leaf fan and coyly plucking at its border, "was a goddess who was very fond of young men, especially if they were handsome. But evil was the day when a young man met Adi Mailagi, for she snared his soul as the women net the little fish at the rising tide. Any man who had once succumbed to her embraces would pine and pine away until he died of longing for her, and then his soul was hers and evil was his fate.

"The way of her first coming to these parts was as follows: All the men of Uruone were one day planting out their *dalo* in the water terraces to the north of the village, and the women had just brought them up their mid-day meal, when

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[1] Religion or Christianity.

[2] Earthly representations.

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suddenly a rushing noise was heard in the sky and a small speck was seen high up, which grew bigger and bigger till they could see that it was indeed a goddess falling to the earth. Down she came, straight into the little creek that lies below the terraces and is known as Na Kele Kele. With a loud cry she jumped to the bank, and called out '*Bula koi au. Au lutu mai lagi,*'[1] and then disappeared. And all that the people could see was a large grey rat running along the path to Daku, at the back of the island. Hence she is called 'Adi Mailagi,' the Lady from the Sky.

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"And the next day the rat was seen again by some men at Udu, which is a part of Daku, and it spoke to them, so that they knew it for Adi Mailagi, and were much afraid. And her home has been at Udu ever since.

"When she wants to snare a man she appears as a beautiful princess; but when she meets a woman, or a man whom she does not desire, she does not trouble about her appearance, and she then shows herself as an old hag, horrible to see. She likes not noises near her home and all must speak in whispers when passing by.

"Once the Uruone men were bringing back a great wooden drum which they had hewn out at Daku; and when they arrived at Udu they decided that it was too heavy to carry over the

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[1] "All is well with me. I have dropped from the sky."

*539 hill without further help. So they left it there for
776 the night. Now, a young girl named Sulia Meli chanced to come along past the spot where the drum was lying, and out of mischief she picked up the staves and rang a loud call upon it. Immediately Adi Mailagi came out of a tree as a terrible old woman, and snatched her up and broke her leg, so that shortly afterwards Sulia died.

"Yes, truly, Adi Mailagi is one to be feared," said the old lady, shuddering at the vision she had herself called up.

"More often," she continued with a smile,
[302] "she appears as a beautiful maiden, and always with the *tobi*,[1] as when she appeared to Emosi, the native minister, when he was walking one day to Daku. She offered him a *suluka* (for that is how she captures a man); but though he accepted it he refrained (being a missionary) from smoking it. And thus Emosi lived, although a great illness came upon him merely for his having touched the gift of Adi Mailagi. And therefore to this day our young men will never accept *sulukas* from strange maidens on that road between Uruone and Daku.

"And another young man who met Adi Mailagi and yet lived was Semesa of Uruone, who once went to sleep with the other youths in the men's *bure*,[2] and during the night found himself

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[1] Plaited side curls which are cut off the day a girl is married.
[2] Sleeping house.

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carried in the mat he had rolled himself up in because of the mosquitoes, to the top of Delaidradramua Hill. Sorely was he troubled on opening his eyes just before cock-crow to see the stars above him in the open sky; and his father took great gifts to the home of the grey rat to ask the mind of Adi Mailagi as to this thing. But the only answer was 'Semesa is free—let him live'; so that we never really knew what was the meaning of it. For always is she hard in in spirit and one to be feared. 539 * 776

"Often does she take the shades of quite small children away with her in her palm-leaf basket, and then the children themselves fall sick in their homes; and unless their shades can escape from her and run home again those children must surely die. [774]

"Tui Merike, the deaf-mute of Oneata Island, is known to you, sir—a man but ill-favoured in countenance and to whom, therefore, Adi Mailagi once appeared in the guise of an old woman; yet he escaped and is alive to-day. The tale of it runs thus: He was slowly riding at dusk one day on his pony from Loma Loma to Mualevu, when from behind a tree that he had just passed near Uruone town there came an evil-looking dame who called out, 'Whither goest?'

"At this the pony shied furiously and sweated with fear, so that Tui Merike knew that it was indeed the goddess, and without replying he

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*539 776 urged on his horse to a swift gallop. But fast as he rode, just as fast came the noise of the goddess moving along the track behind him; and on his looking round he was horrified to see that the thud, thud on the ground, like the beating of hoofs, was the noise of her aged breasts tapping along the path as she ran. With a mighty effort his horse flew past the bridge at the borders of Mualevu town, and then Adi Mailagi gave up, calling after him, ‘ Beware, Tui Merike, ’tis only your speed that has saved you this time.” (I did not venture to inquire how it was that a deaf man had heard all this, and the old lady continued.)

“There was also a man called Josefa, who had seen Adi Mailagi, and did not suffer any evil therefrom, because he surprised her, instead of her laying in wait for him, as is her usual custom. At Vatukalove, just beyond the Government Station, there is a sharp corner of the coast-road which is well known to you. At this spot Josefa, suddenly coming round the bend of the road, came upon Adi Mailagi sitting pensively on the ground, with her tongue hanging out, about four feet in length, and trailing along like a snake. She screamed as he came upon her, and as quick as a lightning flash she leaped into the water and swam out to sea for quite a mile, and then came in again to land at a place lower down the

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coast. And Josefa told me of this, and nothing evil ever happened to him. 539* 776

"But when she appears in her *waqawaqa* as the rat, all may look on her without harm, and she will even give help and strength to the people of her tribe, the men of Uruone; and they to this very day are wont to take a root of *Yaqona* as an offering to her when they are about to take part in a *tiqa*[1] match. [782] [526] But they can now only place their gifts on the stump of the old *ivi* tree that used to be her home, and seldom is she seen now since Apaitia, the last Tui Uruone, had that tree and also the *Makosoi* tree near to it cut down. In the old days the custom was as follows: when the people wished to honour her they would approach with all due humility to the hole beneath the *ivi* tree. Then the priests, who were always of the Na-Ivi-ki-lamo tribe, would take firewood and burn it, and the big, grey rat would appear, and running up the *Ivi* tree she would jump across to the *Makosoi*, and seated on a bough there would answer the questions put to her. Then she would descend and the priests would oil her and tend her, feeding her on the best portions of the food.

"Now, the grey rat would always appear as a warning when one of the Na Uto tribe, who are the chiefly tribe of Uruone, was about to die. [763] But there came a time when so many of the tribe

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[1] Weighted reeds thrown head first.

*539 *did* die (this was in the bad days of the measles,
776 sir), that Tui Uruone thought he would stay the deaths by killing the rat. So he went forth with some of his men to Daku, and cut down the two trees; but the rat escaped, and is sometimes seen even now. But Tui Uruone himself died soon afterwards."

A young man here came in with a coco-nut cup brimming with a refreshing draft of *Yaqona*; and after we had both partaken and lit more *sulukas*, Adi Letila continued her story.

*539 "I have spoken, sir, of Dau Cina, 'the god of
776 the flickering light.' Perchance you may have
821 seen on certain dark nights a faint light that wanders about between Na Malata Island and the mainland, sometimes moving up and down the hill-sides of Na Malata, and anon dancing across the narrow strait till it settles down in the gorge near the spring of heated waters. This is the light of Dau Cina, or Tutumatua; and woe betide our maidens who cross his path when he moves abroad. He is an evil-minded god, and
*539 the mission preachers of our race oft declaim
776 against him," she continued, and a little smile crept to the corners of her mouth as she aimlessly traced patterns with her finger on the mats, "for it sometimes happens that upon Dau Cina do our maidens cast the blame when all is not well with them. Yet, perhaps, it is not always Dau Cina.

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Who knows? Yet 'tis well remembered how Dau Cina appeared to the daughter of Tui Yaro as she was scraping *masi*[1] at the stream by Koro Korokoti. What happened there is not for me to tell you, sir, but that day all the men of the town came out in their rage to kill Dau Cina, who fled before them, and flew off across the seas to the Moala Islands. And many strange things befell him there—things that I may not speak of—until one day he was worsted by a girl of Nasoki village, and fled back again to this island, where he has remained ever since. Yet there was one day when he ventured across to Munia Island; but while there he annoyed Koroibo in an unseemly manner, and was so cast forth from there. Ah, Dau Cina was indeed an evil god, and 'tis well the missionaries have brought the light to us." 539* 776

But for all Dau Cina's sins I am afraid the old lady kept a warm corner in her heart for this naughty god, and there was a twinkle in her eye as she re-lit her *suluka* and proceeded.

"There was an occasion, however, on which Dau Cina proved himself all-powerful against the chief god of Mualevu district. They met by chance on the coast at the place called Na Lele—where Wea the Tongan now has his coco-nut grove—and there Dau Cina challenged the other to 539* 776 823

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[1] Bark from which native cloth is made.

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*539 776 823 a throwing of spears. They threw towards a spot where Na Malata faces this island, and which was then all one land with us; and they decided that the one who threw the best spear should be acknowledged chief for all time. Three times did they each essay, and on the third cast Dau Cina made such a mighty spearing that he cleft the neck of land in twain. And thus did Na Malata become an island.

*539 776 "This, perhaps, is but a tale of our forefathers, and may not be altogether a true thing; but of what befell Aca, the half-caste, there can be no doubt, for is he not here in the village amongst us to this day, and ready to tell with his own lips the happenings that came to him? This is the story as he told it to us that day when he came running back along the white beaches, trembling like a startled horse, and his eyes wide open with the horror of what he had seen. He was but a lad at the time, nearly thirty years ago, but I remember well his words. He had been to Futuna with Tui Qara, Lilo, and Seremaia, to visit the coco-nut groves of Lilo; and on the way a black and white sea-snake crossed their path, as they sometimes do where the road girts the sea marge.

"Now, Tui Qara, in a fit of wantonness stabbed at it with his spear and wounded it. And as he struck he felt a strange pang dart up his arm, and [793] fear entered his heart. 'Fool that I am,' said

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he, 'to strike the serpent of Dau Cina; I, who am the *bétè*[1] of the god as my fathers have been before me. Some evil will surely come of this.'

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"However, they went their way, and before long the matter was forgotten. And so they reached Futuna; and after their evening meal they went to sleep in the *volau*[2] that Lilo had built to store his copra in. And in the middle of the night they heard a great *Kumete*[3] that lay outside roll over of its own accord, for no one was to be seen; and then they heard strange moanings, and the lips of Tui Qara spoke, but the voice was not the voice of Tui Qara; and the words were these: 'I, Dau Cina, who speak, am about to slay you, Tui Qara! My priest are you, yet you have flaunted me. Death shall be your food.' Then Tui Qara groped about and snatched up a big flaming brand from the fire, and started crunching it between his teeth, and biting off great chunks of it, his eyes rolling round in a manner horrible to see.

"He then called out for a bowl of sea-water to quench his thirst, but Aca was filled with a great fear and ran away. Tui Qara lay for two months in the village of Mavana, sick nigh unto death; but at last his health returned and he lived for some years afterwards. But he never spoke again of the doings of that night at Futuna."

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[1] Priest.
[2] Rough palm-leaf shelter.
[3] Wooden trough.

*539 A little shiver passed over the old lady as she
123 finished speaking, and on looking out I saw that
776 the lengthening shadows of the trees had reached
to the house door. She took up a sheet of *tappa*[1]
to put about her shoulders, and I rose to go,
thanking her for the entertainment she had
given me.

"'Tis but a little telling of our ancient stories," she said; "and there are many more that come into my mind. Should you come again there are certain tales to be told of Dakuwaqa, the great shark-god of eastern Fiji; and of Ulumatua, the serpent, who was the eldest son of Dengei himself; but I cannot now remember things as I could in the days gone by. I am getting old, I suppose, and my death is not far off," she added calmly.

And so I left her, the tales of the old gods still
[788] ringing in my ears, while as I passed through the
village the chant of evensong and family prayers
came from the houses of devout Lauans, whose
fathers, perhaps, and whose grandfathers, without
doubt, had brought offerings with fear and
trembling to those same gods of whom I had
heard that day.

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[1] Native cloth.

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THE SHARK-GOD AND THE FATHER OF SERPENTS.

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The night was dark and my footsteps had been unnoticed as I neared the end of the wooden jetty that lies off the little town of Loma Loma, and thus, during my evening stroll, I had come unnoticed upon a small group of natives intently looking at one of their number who was fastening something to the under-structures of the wharf. I distinctly heard the word "Dakuwaqa" as I approached; but just then one of them saw me, and, looking a little uncomfortable, they all stepped on one side as if to show me that there was nothing there that anyone might not see. I casually asked what they were doing, and one of them replied, without hesitation, "We are just about to start fishing, sir"; so thinking no more of the matter I wished them luck; and after an interchange of "good evenings" started back for home. But as I walked along the beach under the shadows of the scented, overhanging trees, the tales of old Adi Letila recurred to my mind, and I determined to ask some one

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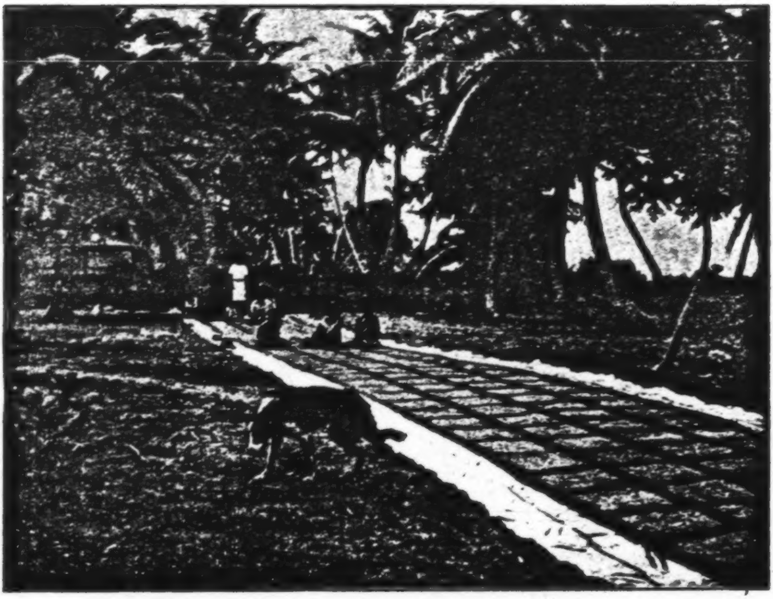

"Designing the brown and black patterns on a huge sheet of white *tappa*."

[facing p. 124]

123 in the morning whether, even at this day, the
776 ancient heathen observances of Dakuwaqa,[1] the shark-god, still lingered among the people.

I had noticed one of my policemen among them, and next morning, after a few questions on other matters, I said, "By the way, Apenai, what was that little talk of Dakuwaqa I heard among you men at the wharf last night?" Apenai looked a bit confused, and then replied, "Oh, no, sir; I had nothing to do with that. I had only just arrived when they started to lower the *Yaqona* to Dakuwaqa. They are *lialia*[2] to do such things in these enlightened times. It is true, sir, that this morning it was found that the *Yaqona* had been accepted and taken away; but, perhaps, it was not Dakuwaqa after all. No one believes in Dakuwaqa nowadays." But, for all his protests, I firmly believed that my trusty constable had had more than a passing interest in the little tribute to Dakuwaqa, and I decided to ask Adi Letila to tell me more of this mysterious creature, the shark-god who patrolled these waters and disturbed even the official minds of "the force."

That afternoon I found the old lady just
115 putting away her stencilling outfit of cut banana
531 leaves and *kosa* dyes; for she had had a busy
285 day, for all her seventy odd years, at designing
the brown and black patterns on a huge sheet of

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[1] Literally, the hull or back of a ship, implying his enormous size.
[2] Foolish.

white *tappa* that was spread out before the 123
house on the level green turf. When she had 776
comfortably settled herself down and lit the
inevitable *suluka*, I asked her to tell me something of Dakuwaqa, and the other gods whom
I had heard her mention from time to time. 539*

"It is not for me to say much of Dakuwaqa," 776
she began; "for are we not of the *lotu dina*[1] now? [797]
Even before I was born had the earliest missionary
arrived at Lakeba. Though it was not till Tui
Tubou's[2] visit—for which I helped to cook the
feast—that most of this island were converted.
I can only tell you what I have heard from our
fathers and of what I myself remember when I
was a girl.

"You must know, sir, that we of Northern Lau 539*
are of one kin with the people of Vanua Levu 776
(Fiji), and until "the hoisting of the flag"[3] we 101
paid tribute to the Lords of Cakaudrove as 648
our masters. But the men of Lakeba Island
(who were also the rulers of all the islands to the
south) never paid tribute to Cakaudrove, and were
lords in their own right. And this is the story
of how it came about.

"It was said that Tokairabe, the son of the 539*
god Tutumatua or Tui Lakeba, by the goddess 776
Liku Cava, had made some magic fish-hooks

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[1] True faith.
[2] The King of Tonga, who came on an evangelical mission to Fiji in 1853.
[3] Cession to Great Britain.

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which no fish could resist, and that thus had he obtained over-lordship of all the fish in the seas. Now, Dakuwaqa, the great shark-god of Cakaudrove, was the ancient king of all fish, and he knew that unless he could get these magic hooks from Tokairabe the fish around Lakeba would no longer *vaka rorogo*[1] to him. So he set off for Lakeba secretly and stealthily as was his wont, moving like a dark shadow through the waters, and for three days lay off the coasts of the island waiting patiently for his chance. And on the third day he spied upon the beach at Na Tuvu a young man about to bathe, and this young man was none other than Tokairabe.

"And Tokairabe was wearing as a *salu salu*,[2] shimmering in the sun, a beautiful string of shell fish-hooks, the magic hooks which Dakuwaqa so greatly coveted. And still Dakuwaqa waited. But when Tokairabe's feet were off the bottom and he was altogether in the home of Dakuwaqa, the god of the waters dashed in and seized the necklace and swam off furiously to the north, his great sail[3] spread above him proudly for all to see.

"Then Tokairabe gave a great cry, for his *salu salu* was very dear to him, and his heart was sore at losing it. And Tui Vutu, his friend, heard the cry from his home at Na Vutu-i-cake, and, assuming the shape of a bird, he flew after Dakuwaqa across the seas. Fast swam the shark-god, but faster flew Tui Vutu, until at last, near Vanua Balavu Island, the race was run, and Tui Vutu grasped the necklace and set off home. And for a reward Tokairabe gave Tui Vutu the rank of Mataivalu Kalou, so that he was ever afterwards given the first place in all things. 539* 776

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[1] Acknowledge him chief.

[2] Necklace.

[3] Triangular fin.

"And never again did Tokairabe take his *salu salu* into the water with him, so that to this day the people of Lakeba take no tribute to Cakaudrove, whereas we of Vanua Balavu still carry yearly gifts there.

"Now, even before the flag-hoisting, the *Konisela*[1] had come to this town and at a meeting had decided that the over-lordship of the Northern Isles should go to Maafu, Lord of Lau, and that Tui Cakau of Cakaudrove should no longer hold claim to them; and when the *matanitu*[2] arrived the over-lordship passed to it in turn; and it was only our ancient love of custom that caused us of the Northern Isles still to carry annual gifts to Cakaudrove. 101 175 776 648

"And thus it came about that not so many years ago old Akuila Toro, Chief of Mualevu—whom I saw out on the *rara*[3] but yesterday—sailed one day to Taveuni to bear his annual *sevu*[4] to Tui Cakau; and his ship, a fine schooner 776 825

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[1] The British Consul, Capt. Jones, V.C.

[2] British Government.

[3] Village green.

[4] Offerings.

776 called the 'Meré,' met a sudden storm in
825 Somo Somo Straits, and sprang a leak and sank,
leaving Ratu Toro and all his men to swim to the distant shore.

"And when they were about half-way a great shark rose to the surface and looked at them, and then swam slowly round them, smelling at each as he passed; and they knew no fear, for were they not Dakuwaqa's men and recognized by him? But there was a Tongan sailor with them and him they placed in their midst, for had Dakuwaqa seen him, short indeed would have been his life. And so they made safely to shore and all were unscathed; and the Tongan, climbing up on to the reef, cried out, mockingly, '*Sa lako, Bokola,*'—and *Bokola,*[1] as you know, sir, is but an ill name to call anyone, and not at all a word to use to a god. And the Tongan escaped on that day; but months afterwards word came from far-off Tonga that he had been taken by a shark while out fishing one day—for Dakuwaqa never forgets—and the fear of Dakuwaqa thus became greater than ever.

262 "These, sir, are but idle tales," added the old
825 lady, with a would-be scornful shrug of her
776 shoulders, meant to impress on me her utter
[201] disbelief in such things. "You know, of course,

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[1] Literally, the corpse of an enemy prepared for a cannibal feast; and the greatest insult in the language.

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that the men of Boitaci used to claim that they 262
could ride to safety on Dakuwaqa's back if ever 825
they were worsted in a battle; but I have never 776
seen that done, and no doubt 'tis but a *kava* tale. This, however, I do know, that the flesh of the shark is *tabu* to them to this day, whereas to other parts of Lau it is allowed; and, indeed, young shark, and the fins and certain parts of even a full-grown shark, are with us deemed a food worthy of chiefs.

"But enough of Dakuwaqa. It comes to my 539 +
mind that I promised once to tell you the story 776
of Ulumatua, the great serpent-god of my own people, the tribe of Gala, and of certain other tribes of these parts.

"Well-known to all is the history of Degei, the parent god of all, who dwelt in the Na Kauvadra mountains of Great Fiji; but of his children who journeyed on towards the rising sun and finally landed on our coasts but few know the full tale.

"Now, the eldest of these was Ulumatua, and he came to this isle in the very ancient days before man lived here at all; swimming over the great seas came he in company with his brethren. And here it was that they parted, some going to Kabara and the other isles to the south, and some going in a westerly direction to Moala and the neighbouring lands. But

*539 776 Ulumatua was well content with this place, and chose for his home a cave on the hill-top looking over the plain where now stands Loma Loma town.

"No one alive to-day has seen Ulumatua himself, but his priests used to say that he was of immense size, truly a god indeed; and once, as a small child, while rambling on the hill-top in the twilight, I saw his family of little serpents, ten in number, disappearing into his home, bearing with them a *solevu* of *yau*.[1] My parents thought I lied about this thing," she added, smiling; "but I verily believed at the time that I saw the gifts they carried. Who knows? To-day we see the marvels which you white chiefs have brought—the box that talks, and the big steamships—truly as wonderful as the thing I saw.

"Ulumatua was not only a serpent of a size fearsome to see, but he was unlike all others inasmuch as his tail was rounded and ended bluntly (like the tail of Misi Bamani's white dog). So [793] at least was he described by Moto Loki Loki of the Lewega tribe, who was the hereditary priest when I was a child. It was Moto's duty to enter the cave at certain seasons of the year with offerings, and to anoint Ulumatua with scented oils, rubbing him with them as a chief is rubbed

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[1] A ceremonial presentation of gifts.

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before taking part in a war-dance.[1] And Moto 539*
would act as mediator between the god and the 776
people, who if they had a sick child would *soro*[2] [793]
to Ulumatua and take gifts, when the child
would live.

"And Gala, which is the chiefly tribe here, [101]
is *tauvu*[3] to Boma on Taveuni Island, and thus [619]
we think that Ulumatua must have come here from that part. To this day the *cavu*[4] of the Gala tribe is '*Ulumatua*'; and our young men, when they go forth to the Tiqa match, cry out '*Ulumatua*,' to speed their spears along the chosen ground. And this you may have heard, sir, even at the great missionary meeting last week. Of course, the god can give them no assistance now, for the light has come amongst us and we no longer give credit to such foolish tales."

I replied that we all knew that Adi Letila was too enlightened to believe in such things nowadays, but as I walked away under the great avenue of mango trees I wondered!

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[1] Only recently I found Inia, my native sergeant of police, oiling two snakes which he had captured. I asked him why he did it and he replied that he thought they liked it, and he intended to treat them well and make pets of them; though I am convinced there was no idea of snake worship in his mind. [231]

[2] Ask forgiveness for any faults.

[3] Of common origin.

[4] Battle-cry.

[p. 132 is blank]

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

THERE had been a heavy day in the Court-house at Lakeba, and since early morning I had been administering justice to the best of my ability to an ever-changing crowd of white, Lauan, Chinese, and Indian litigants; and incidentally changing also myself at different periods of the day, with what would have been to the denizens of my old Inn a profane rapidity, from Stipendiary Magistrate to Divorce Court Judge, from Commissioner for Civil Causes to Magistrate of the Native Courts. With a sigh of relief I had heard the announcement from my clerk that the day's list was now ended, and I had moved off to the large empty native house, placed at my disposal for the night, where, after a good dinner and a cigar, I was beginning to feel at peace with the world. Suddenly a very old man with a white beard appeared at the open doorway, and silently sat down on the floor near the entrance with a respectful little cough.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, peering into the darkness. "Who is it that comes to see me

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123 now? The day's work is ended, and if you have anything to say it would be well to say it in the office in the morning."

"'Tis I—Roko Malani," replied the old man, [115] drawing nearer and clasping my outstretched hand, for he was an old friend of many years' standing and a retired head of a district. "True are your words, sir," he added, "as to the ending of the day; but I have been away working in my plantation—for I can yet teach these young men how the dalo should be planted—and it came to my mind that the payment of the Government rents might take place this evening."

"No, no, Roko Malani," I answered with a laugh. "Are not all the papers and the bags of money locked up in the great iron box (the safe) for the night? The order has gone out that in the morning there will be a rent-paying, and I shall then have to hear all the disputes as to the lands."

[691] He laughed; for it is notorious that there are more land disputes at Lakeba Island to the square mile than on any other island in the group.

173 "Nevertheless, we know that the *matanitu*[1] will give a just decision as to these disputes," said the old man. "But in the time of Ma'afu,[2]

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[1] Government.

[2] Ma'afu from Tonga made himself practically King of the Lau Islands, and was recognized as such by the British Government on the cession of the whole Colony of Fiji, and retained as Governor of the group at a large salary.

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before the days of the *matanitu*, it was not always so. When Ma'afu first ruled here there arose the origin of much land-quarrelling, and the Tongans always secured the best pieces. Though before that, in the times of Tui Nayau, and even in the older days when the 'Sau'[1] held sway, there were no incessant squabbles as to land." 173

"And do you remember the early Tuis Nayau?" I asked, offering him a cigar, which he politely refused, preferring the powerful native tobacco of a *suluka*,[2] which he produced. [276]

"Yes, indeed," he replied; "was not Malani—the first chief to be truly installed in Lakeba as 'Tui Nayau'—my grandfather? His father was Rasolo, also a 'Tui Nayau,' but he was so appointed over at Nayau Island.

"At the time when I was born, which is but some ten or so short of a hundred years ago, a 'Sau' reigned in the land. It is true that the Tuis Nayau to this day are also installed as the 'Sau,' but the title they are always known by is 'Tui Nayau,' or Lord of Nayau; although we are Lakeba people, and Nayau is but an island subject to us; and if it is your wish to know how it came about I will tell you.

"You know, sir," said he, settling himself cross-legged on the mats, in the position of ease for a South Sea islander, but of torture for those [516]

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[1] Supreme Chief; a title.
[2] A cheroot of tobacco wrapped in dried banana-leaf.

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173 [516] of a Western civilization, "that the Chief of Lakeba Island may not be called Tui Lakeba, or Lord of Lakeba, for that is the title of a god—but that is another story. I have it in my mind to tell you of this Rasolo, the son of Niumatawalu, High Chief of Lakeba, and of how he was driven for many years from island to island throughout the ocean, till at length he came back to his own people and to his rights as chief of the land. I often heard from my father, Wiliami Vuetesau, the tale of Rasolo's wanderings.

"Rasolo was even an exile when born, for his father Niumatawalu (being luckily away at Cakaudrove when the family of Qoma from Lakeba murdered old Delaivugalei, his father, at a Nayau feast) dared not return either to Nayau or Lakeba, but settled at Totoya Island. And it was there that Rasolo was born, his mother being Tarau, daughter of the Chief of Ketei town.

"And when in course of time Niumatawalu, with a fleet of canoes from Totoya, came back to Lakeba and defeated the followers of Qoma, he was *buli'd*[1] as *Sau*; and on his death his eldest son, Ului Lakeba, was likewise *buli'd* as *Sau*. Now Ului Lakeba had a young and beautiful wife named Tuisala, of whom he was very jealous. And one day Rasolo and some of [84C] his brothers went to the house of Ului Lakeba,

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[1] Appointed or installed.

and Tuisala was seated there, spreading the 173
rerega[1] on her young baby, as is our custom. [846]
And in jest she threw a little of the powder at Rasolo, and some stayed on his cheek. But Ului Lakeba entered the house just then, and saw this, and his anger grew hot within him, for he suspected Rasolo. And he straightway drove Rasolo and his brothers out of Lakeba, letting but one of them, Matawalu, remain—for Matawalu was then still a child.

"And Rasolo journeyed first to Totoya Island, and stayed there for some years, as his father had done before him; and there he took for a wife one Laufita, and they had a son—Malani—who was my grandfather.

"Now, after a time, a great desire to return to Nayau arose within him, so he hewed a tall Vesi tree at Dravuwalu town, and made a big canoe, and with all his people set sail for Nayau; but he was driven by the winds to Moala Island on the way. And after a few weeks there he journeyed on to Nayau, and great was the joy of the people to see him. And not very long after this Matawalu, now a young man, joined him; but he brought with him the report that the hatred of Ului Lakeba for Rasolo still remained.

"Now, at Maumi, the old fighting town on the top of the cliff at Nayau, there grew a

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[1] Powdered turmeric.

Vuanirewa tree from a fissure in the face of the rocks, about half-way down. And on a certain day the god entered into the *beté*[1] of the temple at Maumi and spoke, and said that if Rasolo could leap on to a certain large branch of that tree without harm he should be *buli'd* as Tui Nayau. And the people gathered round to see this thing, for they thought no man could do it and live. But Rasolo accomplished it, and great was the wonder of the people. (And for this leaping of Rasolo to the Vuanirewa tree our tribe are called the 'Men of Vuanirewa' to this day.)

"And so Rasolo was *buli'd* as Tui Nayau in the ancient manner, for his fathers were truly sprung from the first Tui Nayau, the son of Tui Nawasara of Moala Island, who founded the town of Maumi in Nayau. For Delaivugalei was the son of Qilaiso, the son of Polini; and Polini's father, Kaloniyalewa, was the son of Tui Nawasara."

Here the old man was seized with a fit of coughing that quite alarmed me; but in a moment he was all right again, and simply said, smiling, "I grow old, I think"; and then he went on:

"But still was Rasolo restless and heavy of spirit, for his home was in truth at Lakeba, and Ului Lakeba ever kept him from returning. So he held counsel with Matawalu, and they

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[1] Priest.

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resolved to sail to Vanua Balavu Island and seek the aid of the Ravunisa, the Chief of Loma Loma town there; moreover, a half-brother of theirs, named Kolimatua Kai Koso, was *vasu*[1] to the Loma Loma chief.

"Now Lakeba at this time was very powerful, and none of the other islands dared to rise against her; but Vanua Balavu was more daring than the others, being a long way off and half-way to Cakaudrove. (And the Ravunisa had no great fear of Lakeba, but even used to prepare a *dai*[2] for Lakeba, and cause her chiefs to bring him great stores of goods on the pretence that the mighty Cakaudrove chiefs were about to make war on her and needed conciliating.)

"So they came to Loma Loma, and stayed there with the Ravunisa, at the place called Na Kaniwai—where I have heard, sir, that you have lately caused to be built a fine dwelling-house of stone for your assistant. And great gales sprang up and lasted many weeks, as they do sometimes now, and when the seas abated the wind was not favourable for their returning; and then more gales arose, until it was over four moons that they had stayed with the Ravunisa. And Rasolo was *madua*[3] to have stayed so long, and so he promised to give his sister Sivoki to

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[1] Nephew, and therefore by ancient right able to claim protection, assistance, or goods.

[2] Trap.

[3] Ashamed.

cola pupu,[1] for the Ravunisa, and also it came to his mind that this would help to tie the Ravunisa to his cause. So he sent to Cakaudrove for her (for she was a widow of a Cakaudrove chief, though still but a girl.)

"And great was the delight of the Ravunisa when he saw her, and he promised to give his aid to Rasolo. But not long after this the men of Mualevu came down to *cola rara*[2] for the Ravunisa (for they were at that time subject to him), and they gave a *meke*[3] that afternoon. And Sovoki straightway fell in love with one of them, Tui Lekutu, a very handsome man; so much so that she ran off with him that very night, and they fled to the hills, fearing the wrath of the Ravunisa.[4] Thus, though the Ravunisa had no great anger for Rasolo he refused now to aid him; so Rasolo set sail once more for Nayau.

"And after he had been some little time at Nayau word came that most of the Lakeba chiefs had risen and slain Ului Lakeba, who was now an old man and whom they had always feared. Yet some at Lakeba would still have fought for Dranivia, the son of Ului Lakeba, and made him the 'Sau'; while others wished to send for Rasolo.

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[1] A Lauan phrase; literally, "to fetch the vessels of water," one of a wife's duties; hence coming to mean "to marry."

[2] Bring firewood.

[3] Dance.

[4] Qoroniasi, once a very famous District Chief of Mualevu, was one of their children.

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Thus there was much trouble on all sides. And at this time the men of the Levuka tribe (who, as you know, sir, were never truly of our land, but came many years ago from Great Fiji) took council together, and with much cunning rose up and killed many of both parties, so that for some years Levuka ruled at Lakeba.

"Then one day the *Ramasi*, which is the title of him whose duty it is to *buli* the Sau, as his fathers have always done before him, met together with the *Tui Tubou* and the *Na Rewadamu*, who each also have duties when a *Sau* is *buli'd*, and they decided to go secretly to Nayau and bring back Rasolo to be the Chief at Lakeba. So one moonlight night they took a small canoe from Nasaqalau, and sailed over to Nayau, to fetch Rasolo. And they took *tabua* to him, and said, 'We have come, Tui Nayau, that you may lead us at Lakeba.'

"But Rasolo, being now aged and of much wisdom, answered them and said, 'Of what use will it be for me to go yet to Lakeba? It is not now the time. Wait, and we will get more warriors and slay all the men of Levuka.'

"And so they returned to Lakeba; but Rasolo stayed on. And twice more they sailed to Nayau for Rasolo. And then at last Rasolo answered, 'Now truly is the time. We will go to Lakeba and there shall not be left a single man of the Levuka tribe.'

173 "And many canoes they gathered together and they arranged that Matawalu should lead them in the fight. And much food did they prepare for their sailing. But before they left they *buli'd* Rasolo as the *Sau* of Lakeba; and the manner of it is as follows:

"From ancient time Lakeba has been divided into two halves (after Delanikoro, the first town founded by Tui Lakeba, the god, had been scattered), and these halves were called Na Tokelau and Vuira. And when a chief was about to be *buli'd* as *Sau*, *Yaqona* was prepared; and then Ramasi, who was always the Tui Nasaqulau (Nasaqualau being the leading town of the Na Tokelau half) took the right arm of the chief and bound some white *masi*[1] round it; and Tui Tubou (Tubou being the leading town of the Vuira half) took the left arm and did likewise, while Na Rewadamu placed a turban of the finest *masi* on the head of the *Sau*.

"And when they arrived at Lakeba they landed at a lonely place on the coast between Nasaqalau and Yadrana and quickly marched across the island and over the great hill, instead of coming by the usual road round the beach. And one of the Levuka men saw, through the open doorway of his house at Korovusa, something white fluttering in the distance over the shoulder

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[1] Fine white gauzy *tappa* or native cloth.

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of the hill, and he called out to those sitting with him, 'What is that over there?' But they answered, ''Tis only the white under-leaves of a tree moving in the breeze.' And they were drinking *Yaqona* at the time, and paid no further heed. But it was the white *masi* of the warriors that they saw, though they knew it not. And so Matawalu and his men came round the back of the town and surrounded it, and slew nearly all the men of Levuka.

"And some few fled to the empty island of Aiwa, and from thence made their way to Oneata Island and took shelter there. And all the Levuka men of to-day are sprung from those who escaped thus to Oneata Island.

"Thus did Rasolo end his wanderings, and lived on to a great age in peace at Lakeba, and was buried at Korovusa.

"This is the story of Rasolo, sir, who was the first to be made both 'Tui Nayau' and 'Sau,'" said the old man. "But there is one other small thing perhaps you may wish to know. The people of Nayau to this day have it in their minds that their 'Tui Nayau' never left them, and that the real Tui Nayau is still with them —though they are fain to acknowledge the Chief of Lakeba as 'Tui Nayau,' since they are now but a weak people and dare not openly say otherwise. And they account for it in this way:

173 "The men of Lakeba—so they say—were very anxious to get the 'Tui Nayau' to go and live at Lakeba. So they made a great *volau*[1] to Nayau, bringing with them many goods, carved wooden bowls, and yams, and fine mats from Ono. And in return, at the sharing out, they took away much *gatu*[2] and dried fish, and *wali wali*[3] from Nayau; but two brothers, Qilaiso and another whose name I know not, would take nothing. And these two went to the Tui Nayau and asked him to go with them to Lakeba and be their chief, and that that alone should be their share of the *volau*. But Tui Nayau would not listen to them, but said that they should take a basketful of the soil of Nayau instead, as a sign for the Tui Nayau.

So they agreed to this, and returning to Lakeba they landed at Navutoka and there hid this *qele tabu.*[4] And then they built a temple over the spot, and after that went up to the town and spread the tale that they had captured the 'Tui Nayau,' but that he would not show himself to the people, being too sacred, but would reside only in this temple.

"But this, sir, is of course but a tale of the men of Nayau. All know that the Tui Nayau henceforth came to live at Lakeba and his sons are here to this day."

[574]

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[1] Ceremonial visitation with interchange of gifts.
[2] Native cloth. [3] Coco-nut oil. [4] Sacred earth.

So ended the tale of old Roko Malani; and 173 after a little further talk he departed, erect and 115 with firm tread, a splendid instance of the courtly old native of the Lau Islands—a true chief, who could proudly recount the doings of his ancestors directly back for ten generations; and who, even in these modern times, retained the complete respect of his people.

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/For the texts of various stories told in this source, see category 116, pp. 31-46, 48-54, 70-77, 80-94, 108-122, 125-127 and 129-131./

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/For description of the traditional formal ceremony to welcome visiting dignitaries to the island, see catergory 574,/